

NAVY NUMBER

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U.S.
CODE

The American
LEGION
MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1934

25 CENTS



Frederick Palmer tells THE INSIDE
STORY *of the* ARMISTICE





**WHEN YOU FEEL
"ALL IN"——**

CRAWFORD BURTON, gentleman rider, twice winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, dean of the strenuous sport of steeplechase riding...a Camel smoker. Everyone is subject to strain. Hence the importance to people in every walk of life of what Mr. Burton says below about Camels.



**GET A
LIFT
WITH A
CAMEL!**

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

**HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ENJOYABLE
WAY OF HEIGHTENING ENERGY?**



MRS. CHARLES DALY, housewife, says: "Camels pick up my energy...and have a mild, delicate flavor that a woman likes."



REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country...showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels...and that they do "get a lift with a Camel."

Here's a typical experience. Mr. Crawford Burton, the famous American steeplechase rider, is speaking:

"Whether I'm tired from riding a hard race or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty in-

cessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *taste so good!* And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully confirmed.

So try Camels yourself. You can smoke as many as you like. For Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat...never get on your nerves.

**ALL TOBACCO
MEN KNOW:**

"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand."



**Camel's costlier Tobaccos
never get on your Nerves**

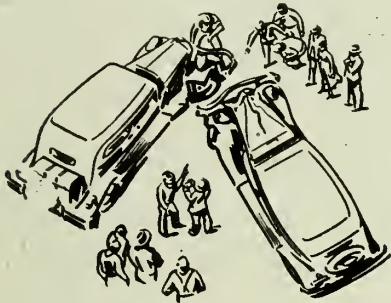
ACCIDENTS *don't Happen—* *They're* CAUSED

By Ralph A. L. Bogan

First Vice President, Greyhound Management Company

Drawings by William Heaslip

REMEMBER how chickens used to squawk and flutter across the road ahead of us when we were very young? They got away with it until the automobile. Nowadays very few chickens attempt to cross in front of a car. This is remarkable progress, for even poultry fanciers admit that chickens are too stupid to learn. Nature took care of it for them. Those chickens which were irresistibly led to road-crossing in front of automobiles were killed off, leaving few or no descendants. Those rare chickens of thirty years ago which stayed on their own side prospered and multiplied.



take centuries, since human generations are so much longer than chicken generations. And it will be a needlessly expensive and tragic method of reducing accident ratios.

Did you ever have an automobile accident? Most drivers have them, so probably you have not been immune from at least a little hub-cap scraping. No doubt those accidents you were in were the other fellow's fault. Most accidents are. I know of one accident where a sedan backed out of a public garage and smashed the running-board of an unoccupied roadster parked outside. The guilty driver's head popped out of the door and demanded of the empty roadster in tones of outraged righteousness, "Didn't you see me coming?"

To get myself on record right at the outset, let me state a viewpoint sure to win first place for unpopularity in this issue of the Monthly: Most accidents are preventable, and in any accident you have, the chances are better than ten to one you were at fault. The other fellow? I will give the same odds against him. Even though you produce a court verdict that you were entirely blameless and the other fellow was culpable, I still maintain that almost surely you were also partly to blame—so much to blame, in fact, that if you had been really on your toes the accident would never have happened. Now you know the worst.

This conviction is not peculiar to me. Any experienced operator of a fleet of trucks or buses is almost sure to feel the same way. It is a truism that accidents do not happen—they are caused. Most of them are preventable by either driver. Those of us who employ large numbers of drivers are not paying them to have preventable accidents, even though the other fellow was clear-

ly in the wrong. Hence, if you were driving one of our buses and had such an accident, you would be disciplined for it—surely reprimanded, probably fined, perhaps laid off, possibly discharged.

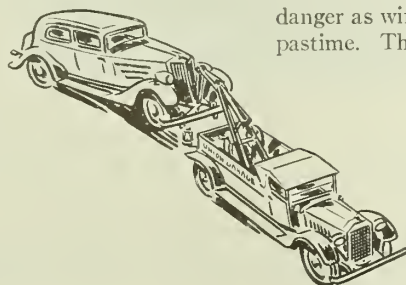
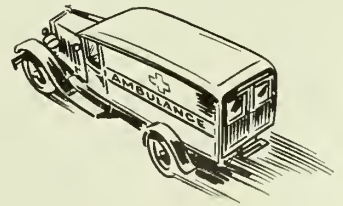
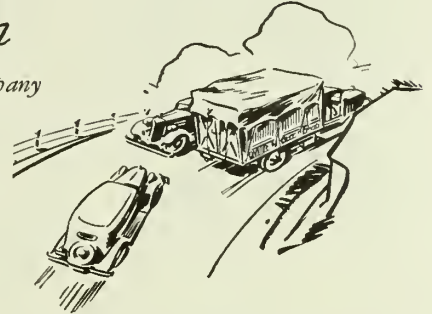
Does that sound hard-boiled? One company operating 1500 trucks throughout the United States fires any driver after the third accident, with no exceptions. He may be just unlucky, says the management, but they cannot afford that kind of luck. Alongside that policy, ours seems soft-hearted.

Consider an incident like this. You are driving your car along a highway at 35 miles an hour. Out of a crossroad catapults a brakeless old ruin, ignoring stop sign and state law. It knocks you for two fenders and a bent frame. Legally it is not your fault. Your story should win you a verdict for damages. What it would win you if you had been driving a Greyhound Bus would be at best a detailed explanation of where you were wrong. Here is how it might be put up to you by your boss:

"When you approach an intersection, you know perfectly well you should have your bus at such speed that you can stop within the distance you can see down the side road. . . . Oh, you saw him coming but thought he was going to stop? That's worse. Always figure that the other fellow is a reckless driver, just like this guy who hit you. As soon as you see a car coming up to an intersection, slow down so that you can stop if he doesn't . . . Huh? Of course you had the right of way! What of it? You've been taught ever since you came to work that on the road your right of way doesn't do a bit of good if the other fellow chooses to ignore it. The only time to think about right of way is in being sure to let the other fellow have it when it's his . . . Sure, your previous record is good. But you know you could have prevented this accident, and when an accident can be prevented, it is one hundred percent up to you to prevent it."

If everybody had this same outlook on driving, taking your car out for a spin would not be in the same general class for danger as wire-cutting between the trenches. It would be a safe pastime. The day's automobile casualties of the United States would shrink to a handful instead of looking like the killed-and-wounded list of a day in the Meuse-Argonne.

Last year Greyhound Bus drivers in the Detroit district drove 985,000 consecutive miles without an automobile accident of any sort. We were proud of this world's record, and still are. But this summer the Indianapolis district broke it by rolling up 1,022,000 (Continued on page 50)



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

NOVEMBER, 1934



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ACCIDENTS DON'T HAPPEN

LEGIONS AGAINST WAR
THE NAVY AND OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE ARMISTICE
FEMMES AND FRANCS: *Conclusion*

KEEPING THE PEACE IN THE PACIFIC
VOTE FOR WHOOZIS

THE HOME THAT FOUND ITSELF
IT WAS

BURSTS AND DUDS
WHAT BASEBALL PLAYERS TALK ABOUT
THE POWER BEHIND THE PLOW
SPORTSMEN ALL
RINGING DOWN THE CURTAIN
THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

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THE American Legion Monthly has been receiving many requests for reproductions of its cover paintings in a form suitable for framing. Arrangements have been made to supply them. You may obtain a reproduction of the cover ap-



pearing on this issue by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Cover Print Department, The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana. The print is in full color and of the same size as the cover design, but is without lettering.

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Are You STILL in the DEPRESSION??

TIMES are better. Business is out of the rut—well ahead of a year ago. Millions of men have gone back to work. There's more money in lots of pay envelopes. But what good is that to you, if your pay check is still written in depression figures?

You weren't so discontented a year ago. In fact, you considered yourself lucky to have a job. But now—you have begun to wonder and worry why the oncoming tide of prosperity hasn't reached you yet. The situation is getting desperate. Bills continue to pile up. You can't get along forever on a "shoe string" budget. You *must* win back those pay cuts. Other men are doing it—how can you?

Certainly, you can't work any harder than you have been. And it isn't a question of your intelligence, honesty or ambition. Those virtues do not solve today's problem—they are often insufficient to hold down a job, as millions unemployed sadly testify.

But there *is* a way to get back to the prosperity pay check. A way that's probably far easier than you have dreamed. A plan that has been "depression-tested."

During the worst period of the depression, this plan was helping thousands of men and women forge ahead. Today, during recovery, these same men and women—their ranks swelled by thousands more—are being picked for top positions. They are escaping years of monotonous, routine service—achieving their dreams while they are young enough to enjoy success in its fullest measure.

Since this plan brings results in bad

times as well as good, it obviously works independently of business conditions. As unbelievable as that may sound, remember that success is largely up to the individual. Most men struggle through a depression all their lives. The few who forge ahead ride to success the same business tides that sweep the majority to failure.

The LaSalle Success-Building Plan is made for men like you—men with courage, ambition, persistence, who need expert guidance to make the most of their efforts. But LaSalle supplies even *more* than that. Not only individualized training and coaching to help you meet today's crying needs . . . but also the very steps you need to take to fill the job ahead, and force that pay raise *quickly*. The synopsis of this plan—shown at the right—can give you only an idea of this service. We suggest you mail the coupon for complete details on your own line of work.

Today's Danger

There's real danger to accepting "depression pay" these days. A danger that lower wages will continue to dog you—for no employer will pay more until he is convinced you are worth more. Some day, some way, you've got to convince him. There's no time to lose. The sooner you begin, the better.

If the LaSalle Plan has fulfilled this aim for thousands, isn't it logical to expect it can do as much for you? This coupon can easily become your passport to better times. Mail it today.

When
a
Plan
Like
This—



Supplementing accurate up-to-the-minute training, made interesting and practical by the "Problem Method," you find a great range of special help and service—individualized tuition exactly fitted to your personal needs. Expert consulting service on your personal business problems in the fields of sales, management, traffic, finance, advertising or what-not. When you so desire, we furnish your employer with Progress Reports which often pave the way to promotion and pay increases. Vocational counsel if you want it. Placement service which aids you in advancing in your present position or helps select and secure a better job. Personality development—supplementary lectures—in certain courses, authoritative business bulletins keeping you up to the minute on trends and changes. And in the background of all these, an intensely personal and earnest interest in your progress that persists long years after your graduation.

Get RESULTS Like These

June 4, 1934—"I was informed today that I have another salary increase."

—O. M. H.

June 5, 1934—"Since my enrollment, my salary has been increased 140%."

—J. B. L.

May 17, 1934—"I have had two raises during the depression."

—W. E. K.

May 13, 1934—"Several weeks ago I was transferred to another department with 25% increase."

—D. A. R.

May 25, 1934—"My income today is exactly 100% greater than when I enrolled."

—E. J.

May 7, 1934—"My income is more than double what it was when I enrolled in 1928."

—H. W. T.

April 13, 1934—"Since I started my course, I have received two promotions and four advances in salary."

—J. J. M.

March 28, 1934—"When I started my training in 1929, my salary was \$30 a week, and in less than 3 years, it was increased to \$350 a month."

—J. W. C.

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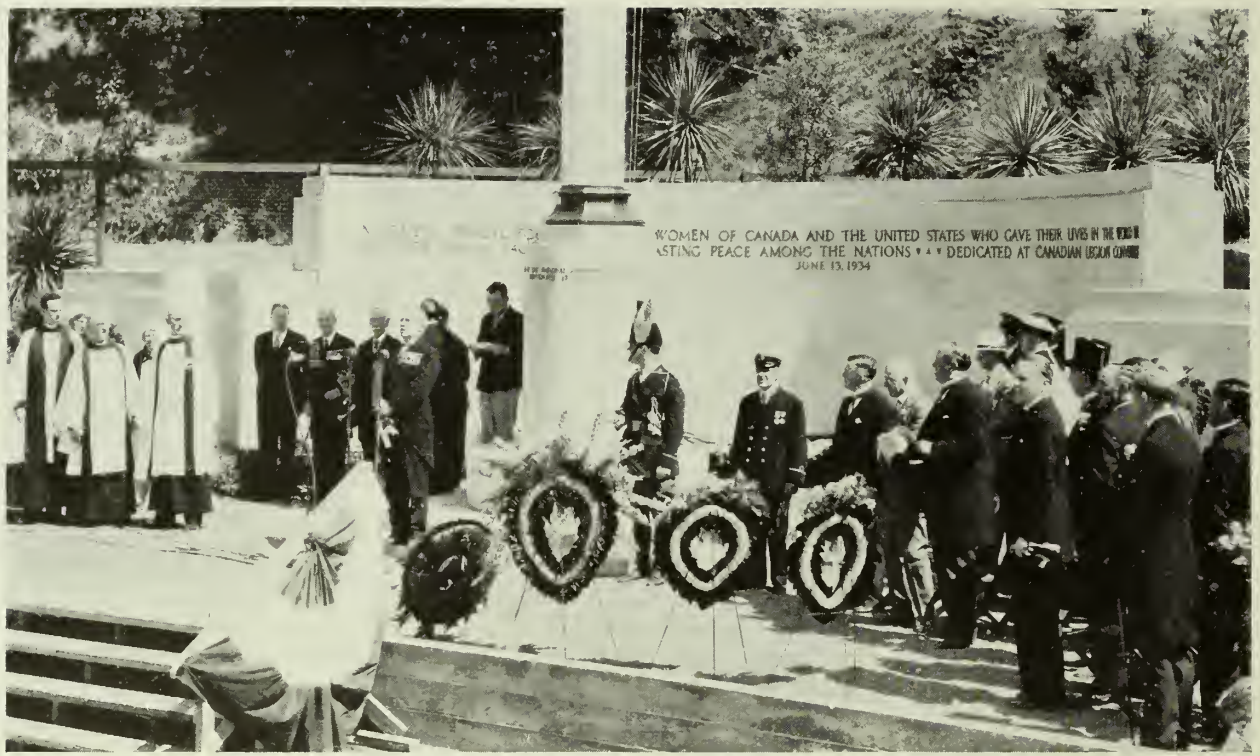
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LEGIONS AGAINST WAR

The Canadian and American Legions dedicate the cenotaph in Multnomah Civic Stadium at Portland, Oregon, as a memorial to Canadians and Americans who gave their lives in the World War

*THE Canadian Veteran Comes Across the Border to Work
with His American Buddy on the Job Nearest Their Hearts*

By Claude M. Bristol

IN A conspicuous part of the huge Multnomah Civic Stadium in Portland, Oregon, through which marched thousands of Legionnaires during the national convention days of 1932, today there stands a cenotaph. Not an ordinary war memorial this, but a monument unique in its purpose as the movement which brought it into existence.

It was erected to mark the beginning of an activity which its sponsors hope will unite the English-speaking races of the world and bring lasting peace among all nations. The monument does not represent the idea of pacifists but of sincere men and women who saw service under fire and want wars to be ended for all time. These are ex-service men and women of Canada and the United States who for the first time in history have figuratively linked themselves together to espouse a common cause for the good of humanity.

The cenotaph was erected last June during the first Canadian Legion convention ever held outside of the British Empire—a convention which brought across the border several thousand men and women who never before had been on United States soil—a convention itself which both Americans and Canadians declare already has done much to cement further the friendly relationships between the two great English-speaking nations.

Since the dedication of the memorial, the movement has gathered great momentum—the monument, itself, rapidly become

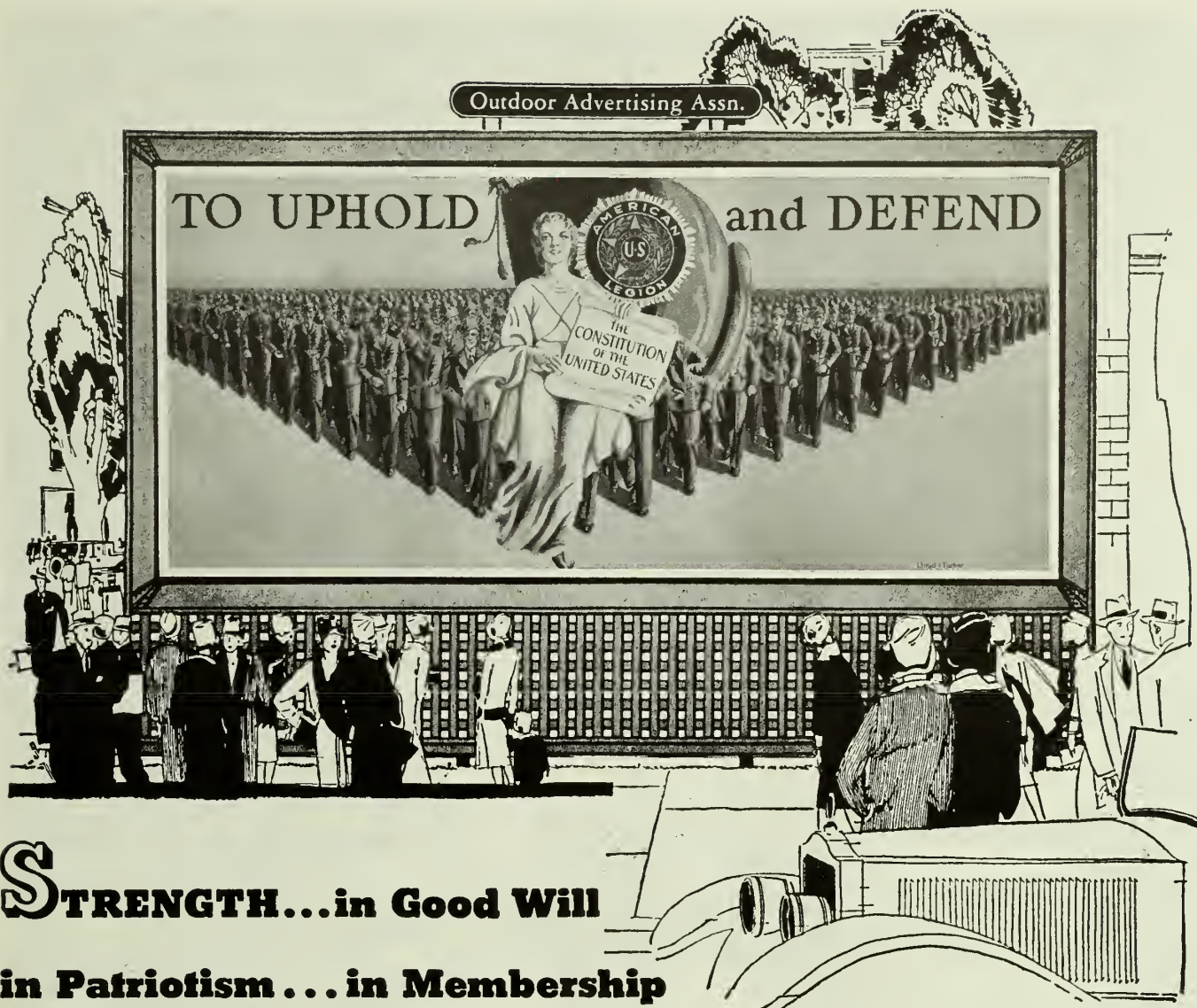
known as a shrine for international peace and being visited by celebrities from all over the world. George H. Dern, Secretary of War, on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to the "City of Roses" in ceremonies participated in by national officials, high ranking army officers, American and Canadian Legionnaires, War Nurses, Spanish-American War veterans, state and city officials and prominent citizens, gave national recognition to the movement by placing a wreath at the base of the cenotaph.

In carrying out the spirit of the intermingling of friendly thoughts of the people of the two nations, Canadian maples and evergreens have been planted immediately back of the monument in soil brought from Canada with which has been mixed native soil and surrounding the maples and evergreens are trees and shrubs of this country. In front of the cenotaph proper and as a part of the memorial stands the 112-foot flagpole erected to commemorate the visit of The American Legion in 1932, and from it on state occasions flying side by side and frequently entwining are the flags of the United States, Great Britain and Canada.

The memorial is a massive structure of steel and concrete, semi-circular in shape and built to stand for many years. In large bronze letters on its face is the inscription:

"In grateful tribute to the men and women of Canada and the United States who gave (Continued on page 58)

Outdoor Advertising Assn.



STRENGTH...in Good Will in Patriotism...in Membership

That is the Message Which Comes to You With Force in the 1935 American Legion Poster! Lithographed in 7 colors. The massed blue of the Legion uniforms. Tense in posture and expression. The tread of martial determination from the depth of the glowing dawn of a new Legion year. Our highest ideal: "Uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States." It's timely and effective!

See this poster on display at your department convention. It will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next

Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

-----ORDER BLANK--REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER-----

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1934

Please enter our order for posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$..... enclosed.
 window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)
 windshield stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

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The NAVY and OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

by
Admiral W. H. Standley.

*Chief of Naval Operations,
United States Navy*

WHAT constitutes an adequate national defense? The United States Navy, with its proud traditions of service to the nation, must assume a big share of the task of answering that question in the troubled present and the uncertain future.

As a navy man for forty-three years, I have watched with considerable pride the progress and accomplishments of this important arm of the national defense. I watch now with equal interest the attempts of patriotic Americans to bring our Navy to its proper strength and position and to lay the groundwork for keeping it there.

The fundamental purpose of our Navy is to guard the continental and overseas possessions of the United States and to support the national policies and commerce of the nation. To maintain the Navy in sufficient strength to carry out this purpose may be said to be the fundamental naval policy of the United States.

Our national security depends upon our power to defend our shores and our overseas possessions and the citizens of the country from hostile attack at any point over which the American flag flies. Our national security depends further upon the uninterrupted importation, across wide oceans, of raw materials essential to our major industries and hence to the life of the nation. Our economic organization, extending beyond our land boundaries, is vulnerable and must be protected on the seas.

When I first entered the Navy as a cadet at Annapolis, back in 1891, the famous "White Fleet" of the eighties was the backbone of our naval defense. My first ship was the *Olympia*, finest ship afloat at the time, with about five thousand tons displacement. I have seen ships grow in size until we now have battleships of 35,000 tons. I have followed our Navy's progress through the victorious days of the Spanish-American War and the territorial service, the emergency of the World War, and the years that have followed. I have seen the Navy fulfilling its mission in war and peace.

And here let me point out that the Navy is a great peace-time asset to the nation. The words of President Coolidge, on the occasion of the Navy Day celebration in 1924, are appropriate:

"Our Navy has always been much more than an arm of war-time defense. All the money that has ever been spent on the Navy has been returned to the community several times over in direct stimulus to industrial development. We may be very sure that in the future, as in the past, the Navy's service to industry and the arts of peace and science will continue completely to justify its maintenance in the highest efficiency."

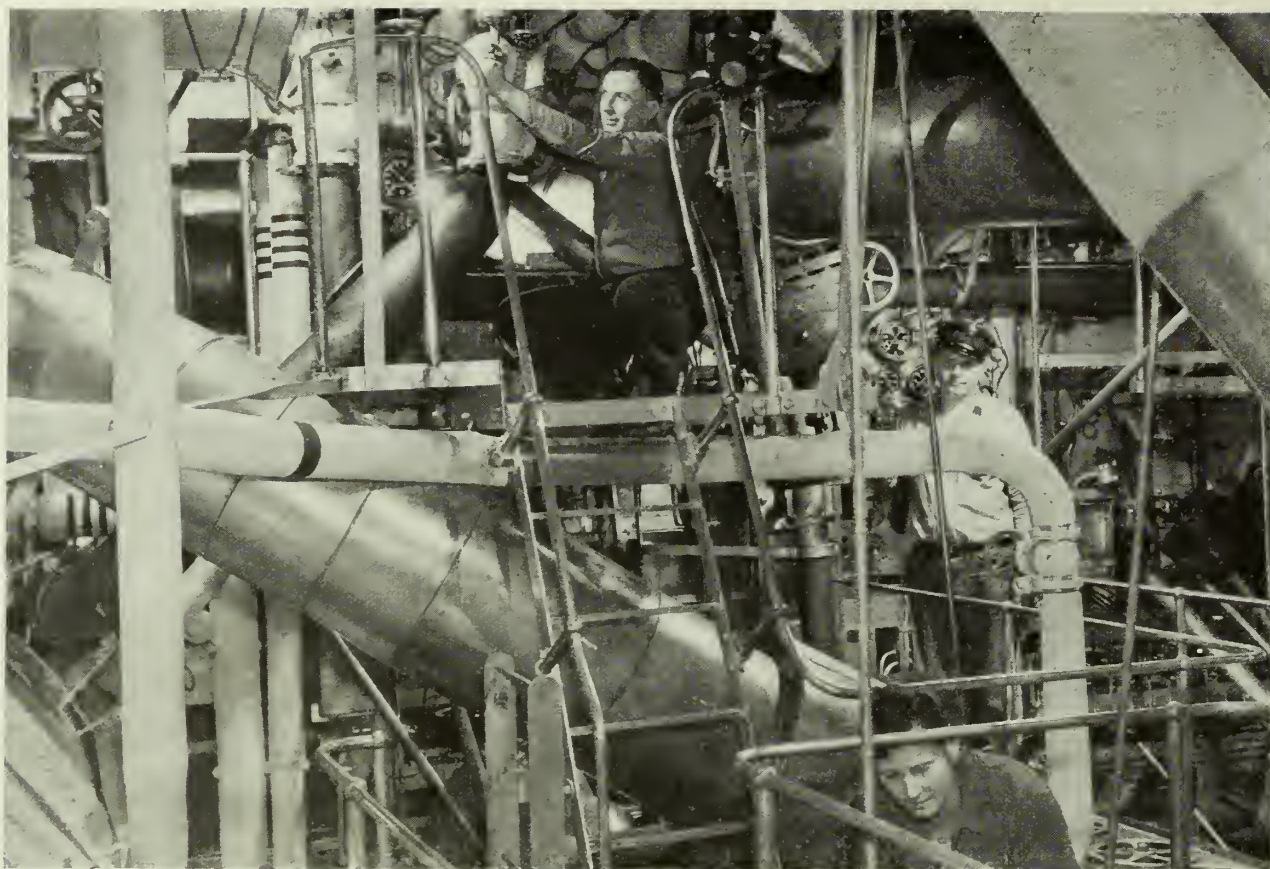
Of all naval expenditures of our Government, eighty-five per cent goes right back into salaries, wages and pay of labor, while the remainder finds its way back through the purchase of material.



Admiral Standley

Through new construction and repair work, if given a chance for present needed activities, the Navy will do a full share of lifting the load of unemployment.

The United States Navy has always been out in front in matters of scientific development. Whether in peace-time or under the pressure of war, the Navy's contributions to America are many and lasting. Specific mention will be made later of exam-



The engine room of a modern warship with its bewildering maze of pipe lines is to the landsman a thing fearfully and wonderfully made

ples of the Navy's worth to the nation in times of peace. But we must emphasize here that its first great task is to be ready for defense—and at a moment's notice.

What constitutes an adequate Navy? How "big" should the Navy be? Big enough for its primary and supreme task. Effective enough in personnel and ships to do the job of defending our shoreline and our possessions, however strong may be the enemy against us.

We are now far short of our defense needs. That is apparent to any citizen who understands the condition of our fleet. Much is said publicly about a "treaty Navy." There are two important considerations in measuring a treaty Navy. One is the total tonnage of ships, and the other is whether those ships are over-age and inadequate for modern needs, or new and effective.

It is the latter consideration the American people must now seriously ponder. We are not so short of tonnage, but there are at least 102 ships in our fleet—about sixty of them destroyers—which are pitifully over-age and well-nigh worn out. They are spoken of contemptuously as "corks," and that's just what they would prove to be in an emergency.

The reason for this situation lies in our consistent failure since the World War to carry on a proper program of replacement. Other nations have moved along, building steadily to replace old ships. We have not.

During the three years immediately following the close of the greatest war in history—a war in which the American Navy played a more glorious part than it is sometimes credited with—we were at least holding our own as the foremost naval power. Our Navy was second to none, and President Wilson's 1916 building program, due for completion in 1927, would have given the United States the most powerful navy in the world. The feeling was general, however, that the cause of peace could best be served by international agreements limiting naval construction in the future. The setting of definite bounds on capital ships, it was hoped, would at least check any mad and unwarranted race for sea supremacy that might develop in the decade to come. Although the United States gave up her lead for supremacy in sea

power—the wisdom of that view is not questioned. Both the Washington Naval Limitation Conference of 1921-22 and the conference at London in 1930 accomplished firmer bases of international understanding and co-operative effort to preserve the peace of the world.

The framers of these treaties contemplated that our Navy would be maintained at the limits set therein. The Washington Treaty provided a definite schedule of replacement of battleships. But the fact remains that during the years since 1922, the limits of our naval strength considered essential for national defense have never been attained, particularly in regard to replacements. While four other nations—Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy—have steadily and consistently moved forward in their plans to reach treaty strength in fighting vessels, the United States has lagged behind. Now we find ourselves in many respects the third sea power instead of the first.

To remedy that situation, the Vinson Act, passed by the last Congress and approved by the President, permits the building of vessels of modern design and construction to replace our over-age vessels, within the limitations of the Washington and London agreements, and to procure the necessary aircraft for vessels and other naval purposes in keeping with the treaties. In a word, we are authorized to build up to treaty strength.

In order to grasp the full significance of what that means, we should glance back at the important dates in naval limitation history and refresh our minds as to just what the treaties specified.

When the delegates of the four great foreign powers came to Washington in 1921, five countries figuratively got their heads together and agreed on limitations for capital fighting ships and airplane carriers. Smaller craft were not covered at this historic gathering, except that an agreement was entered into in respect to cruisers which provided that no cruiser, or any vessel of war other than capital ships and airplane carriers, may exceed 10,000 tons displacement or carry guns in excess of eight inches calibre. No limitation was placed on the number or total tonnage of cruisers by this treaty.

As to capital ships, the agreement limited these in number to

eighteen for the United States, twenty for the British Empire, and ten for Japan. As to tonnage, here is the total number of tons allowed all five nations, for both ships and airplane carriers, in summary form:

	United States	Great Britain	Japan	France	Italy
Capital Ships	525,000	525,000	315,000	175,000	175,000
Airplane Carriers	135,000	135,000	81,000	60,000	60,000

Thus, it will be seen, the ratio agreed upon by the five nations which were parties to the treaty was approximately 5-5-3-1.6-1.6. Capital ships to replace those in existence were limited to 35,000 tons for any one ship and 16-inch calibre for the biggest guns. An age limit of twenty years was placed on ships, and a replacement schedule was agreed upon whereby, beginning in 1931, the United States, Great Britain and Japan could begin construction which in 1936 would bring their number of capital ships to 15-15-9 respectively and in 1942 would bring their tonnage ratios to an exact 5-5-3.

Airplane carriers were not to exceed 27,000 tons or mount guns in excess of eight-inch calibre. Exception was made for the United States in the *Saratoga* and the *Lexington*, originally designed as battle cruisers.

What did it mean to the United States at that moment? It meant we had to *scrap down* more than any other nation. We stopped construction of several splendid vessels, soon to be badly needed, and blew into Davy Jones's locker a lot of usable craft, along with considerable pride of the Navy!

In all, the United States scrapped 32 vessels, a total of 842,194 tons. Great Britain scrapped 30 vessels, a total of 721,250 tons. Our greatest curtailment of fighting effectiveness came in the ships being built. We scrapped 13 vessels, averaging 28 percent

completed, that would have furnished us 525,000 tons.

During the next three years the United States did not lay the keel of a single ship. In 1925 we built one submarine. The other powers, in the meantime, began replacing and building. Japan showed her determined stride by laying down six cruisers, ten destroyers, five submarines, four gunboats, three tankers, one supply ship, two depot ships and three minesweepers, a total of 34, for the year of the disarmament conference. France and Italy laid down five craft each, and Great Britain four. By 1927 Great Britain was striking a pace that averaged 18½ vessels per year until 1933.



The London conference of 1930, participated in by our nation, Great Britain and Japan, scrapped three American, five British and one Japanese capital ships, reducing the number of big fighters to 15-15-9. Also, the beginning of replacements was postponed six years. Most of the agreement concerned itself with limitation of cruisers, destroyers and submarines. Cruisers were divided into two classes, heavy, those mounting guns over 6.1-inch calibre, and light, those mounting 6.1-inch or less.

The following table shows the boiled-down results with respect to limitation of tonnage for auxiliary craft agreed upon by the London Naval treaty:

	United States	Great Britain	Japan
8-inch cruisers	180,000	146,800	108,400
6-inch cruisers	143,500	192,200	100,400
(total cruisers)	323,500	339,000	208,800
Destroyers	150,000	150,000	105,000
Submarines	52,700	52,700	52,700

These were the ratios, together with limitations as to fortified bases contained in the Washington and London treaties, considered just and proper to give each (Continued on page 42)



“The Navy is a national insurance worth all it costs even if no emergencies arise to disturb the future”

The INSIDE STORY *of the* ARMISTICE

By Frederick Palmer



A session of the Armistice Commission, a body that had nothing to do with drawing the terms of the Armistice. Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando of Italy, with Marshal Foch as military adviser, worked out the terms. Colonel Edward M. House, American member of the Big Four, found himself up against a cut-and-dried program and had to yield

THERE is one thrill—and the date of it to the hour and minute—indelible in all our memories. A man may forget the day he broke a leg, took his oath to fight for his country, or sailed for France, but he does not forget this date. He remembers where he was on the day of the Armistice as well as he remembers where he was when his first child was born.

Some men got the news that firing had ceased in a flash to a training camp. It told them that there would be no over there for them and they would be sent home soon. Others were along the battle line. These heard—and heard is the word—the sudden and ear-numbing silence as strange and incredible as though Niagara Falls had ceased roaring. They hoped they would be sent home soon. So, for each man, this November 11th had a personal story.

We know that we sang "The Gang's All Here" and "Hinky-Dinky" and we were fighting in a war to make the world safe for

democracy and in a war to end war—and that is the outside story.

Then some of us have heard that Generals Pershing and Bliss were for unconditional surrender by the Germans and keeping up the march to Berlin until unconditional surrender was won—and that sounds like an inside story.

If true, why?

Why, when it meant a lot more soldiers might be killed? And why did it take so long to get our soldiers home? Why, when the war was supposed to be over, did we stay on as if we expected the war to break out again? Why did we remain so long on the Rhine?

We know that Marshal Foch, generalissimo of the Allies, and the British Admiral Wemyss went out on the night of November 10th to meet the German delegates in the Forest of Compiègne between the trench lines. It was a dramatic moment when Foch said to them, "What is it you want?"

They wanted an armistice. Foch had the document ready.

CLEMENCEAU ASKED GENERAL BLISS WHAT TERMS THE UNITED STATES FAVORED FOR THE ARMISTICE GERMANY SOUGHT IN EARLY NOVEMBER, 1918. BLISS'S ANSWER WAS GRANT'S FAMOUS FORMULA, UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. FREDERICK PALMER TELLS WHY AMERICA'S PROPOSAL WAS SHELVED

They signed it—at 5 o'clock in the morning of November 11th. One hour later the American G. H. Q. had the news and at once relayed it to our units in the various sectors. Firing was to stop at eleven that morning.

Who made the terms which were to affect the peace of the whole world? Of what high secret counsels were they the product? And why was no American general present at the meeting?

We sent two millions of soldiers to France and spent twenty-five billions of dollars to win that war to end war, and we know the state of the world today. We know Europe is armed to the teeth today for another war; and each of us has his own opinion about that and about the war debts to us which are unpaid. So the inside story of the Armistice deserves to be told sixteen years after firing ceased.

And I'm going to start the story according to my idea, at what seems to me a good beginning: I start with a letter written, October 9, 1918, by General Tasker H. Bliss—that unknown four-star general who had worn his country's uniform for forty-seven years—to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker—one month before the Armistice was signed. Bliss foresaw what was coming, and what he wanted to prevent, and has come.

"Judging from the spirit which seems to be more and more actuating our European Allies I am beginning to despair that the war will accomplish much more than the abolition of German militarism—while leaving European militarism as rampant as ever.

"Looking to the future, the curse of the world today is European militarism. Prussia, or rather a Prussianized Germany, has given us a present exhibition of what this curse can be, but it is a German ulcer on the European body growing out of the rotten European blood. And for practical purposes, for the purposes of the scientific physician, it makes no difference that it was Prussia which introduced into the European system the evil, blood-putrefying germ. It is there, in the blood of all Europe, and must be gotten out."

This is strong, clear lan-

guage in which a man who was supposed to stand for ruthless terms expressed his idea and ideal. Having this in mind, let us look back a few days for an inside view with Hindenburg and Ludendorff. On September 21st Ludendorff asked Berlin to approach America for peace. On October 1st he telegraphed:

"Today the troops are holding their own; what may happen tomorrow cannot be foreseen . . . The line may be broken at any moment."

Two days later Hindenburg took up the plea:

"The situation is daily growing more acute and may force the Supreme Army Command to very serious decisions."

Such was the inside German story after the Americans had won Saint Mihiel, and they were in the first stages of their great attack in the Meuse-Argonne, with the British and French steadily advancing.

President Wilson was for the surrender of the German war-lord military caste which ruled Germany and which threatened to rule the world. He had said when he asked Congress to declare war that the battle was against this military autocracy; we had "no quarrel with the German people." He wanted fair terms which would not allow militarism to rise again; he wanted his League of Nations to insure future peace. In the third week of October, 1918, he hastened Colonel House, his closest adviser as his legate to represent him in counsel with the Allies.

With whom was he to counsel? With the Prime Ministers of Great Britain, France and Italy—Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando. These were the statesmen three of the Supreme War Council. They had power over the lives of their fellow countrymen and world destiny.

They had decided on common policies in secret meetings in which, as the records before me show, they badgered and quarreled in racial and national bitterness and then came to some kind of agreement lest they lose the war. For ten months Bliss had been one of the council's four military representatives who were the military advisers (Continued on page 46)



What tales of a grandfather General Bliss could unfold to beguile Granddaughter Betty Bliss

By Karl
W. Detzer

FEMMES



Synopsis of Part One

MONSIEUR Flandreau has been murdered in a passageway of the inn at St. Antoine in Normandy, following his complaint to Captain John Wheat, commander of a nearby American forestry unit, that an American soldier, unidentified, assaulted him in his chateau a few kilometers away. The pistol whose butt end smashed Flandreau's skull turns out to be the property of Lieutenant Munn of the forestry company. Munn, summoned to the inn, claims an alibi and says the pistol was stolen from his locker, but Corporal John Sullivan, D. C. I., tricks him into disclosing that he was on the premises a moment before Flandreau was killed. As Sullivan questions him in one of the rooms a gun is discharged from the garden and Munn falls dead, the back of his head blown away. One of these killed him: Madame Banc, who runs the inn; her son Pierre, handy man; Yvonne, pretty waitress; Captain Wheat, Sergeant Perthe and Private Hlaska of his command. And was it Munn's murderer who had killed Flandreau?

PART TWO (Conclusion)

CORPORAL SULLIVAN yanked open the door and plunged out into the cold, low-ceilinged main room of the inn. As he did so he heard Hlaska yelling somewhere nearby; saw Sergeant Perthe rush in from the street at the front entrance, shouting, "What's up?"

Sullivan did not answer. He could not. What had he done? Made a target of Munn? Yanked him into the dining room for somebody waiting outside to kill?

He turned toward the kitchen, and there collided with old Madame Banc, who was padding out of it in her bare feet. He saw Pierre emerging from what seemed to be a store room off the kitchen, his arms filled with fagots; heard Wheat's voice bellowing, somewhere in the other end of the house.

Although the candles and the lamp had given off only a dim illumination, the darkness of the garden in this hour before the dawn was so black by contrast that Sullivan halted, once his feet found the stone flagging, and he backed quickly against the wall. From a leather-lined inner pocket of his blouse he drew a small flat Spanish automatic pistol, threw off the safety with his thumb, and held the gun in his right hand while the familiar outlines of the garden took shape.

The surrounding stone wall became a line of gray, the rose shrubs a hazy shadow, the dining room window, through which murder just now had been committed, a yellowish rectangle of lamplight. There was no one in the garden now. Quickly but cautiously Sullivan walked around it and made certain of this fact.

But it was the only fact of which he could be sure. Who had been out here in this garden a moment ago? Perthe, who had just rushed into the front door? Hlaska? Pierre? Captain Wheat? Or none of them?

And how had the murderer escaped? By way of the kitchen or the side passage into the hotel or out through the gate to the street?

Sullivan tried the passage door and found it bolted; yet that

and FRANCES

*Illustrations by
V. E. Pyles*

He gasped as Sullivan replied,
"It was right where you left it"



proved nothing definite. The door could have been locked by someone entering while Sullivan himself went out through the kitchen.

He returned past the shattered window of the dining room and into the kitchen door. This room was empty now. Out in the main hall he found the others, peering with that fascination with which men look on violent death, into the door of the small dining room. He pushed by them without speaking.

The body of Lieutenant Munn lay on its back as it had fallen, and Yvonne, crouching beside it, was crying hysterically and talking to it in French and English. Sullivan looked down at her for an instant, then pulled at her shoulder.

"Get up," he bade. She peered at him, her eyes pushed open with terror and grief, both of which he saw were genuine. "Who did it?" Sullivan asked.

The girl once more began to weep uncontrollably and she flung herself down again. Then he picked her up and carried her, resisting and clawing at him, from the room. He set her down on a chair near the fireplace, ordered her to remain there, and returning to the dining room, entered it and closed the door, inviting no one in with him.

With a candle he examined the body carefully. It had been a slug of heavy caliber that tore away the back of the lieutenant's head; this was plain enough, Sullivan could tell from the wound. He had even guessed as much when Munn first was struck and spun around. The window was still shut. Only one of its small panes was broken, and Sullivan pushed it open and slid across the sill into the garden. He still carried his gun in his right hand. With his left he took a flashlamp from his belt. He looked cautiously about, then turned his flashlamp on the ground.

WITHIN thirty seconds he had found the thing he half expected would be there, an empty brass shell, caliber .45, ejected by an automatic pistol. It was the same size and type gun that had killed Flandreau, but Munn had not died by his own pistol; Sullivan had wrapped it carefully in paper two hours ago and locked it in his handbag.

To be positive, he returned to the main room, unlocked the bag, and found that the pistol still was there, the clotted blood upon its muzzle, the half ejected cartridge still sticking out of its top. Wheat, following him, asked huskily, "Corporal, who killed him?"

"I aim to find that out, sir," Sullivan replied. "Where's your own gun, sir?"

"Why, in my room!"

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure." He hesitated.

"Why, damn it . . . I don't remember taking it to my room at that! Intended to. It *must* be there."

"Go look!" the corporal ordered, and Wheat, taken aback by his manner and his demand, hesitated a moment; then started, grumbling, down the corridor.

But immediately Sullivan heard him exclaim and start back.

"It isn't there," Wheat said in a flat voice.

"I didn't think it would be. Where was you, sir, when the shot was fired?"

"I . . . Why, I was standing back there outside my door. Trying to decide what to do next. You'd shut the door on me again. What do you mean? Are you accusing me?"

"No, sir. I ain't accusing anybody, yet. When I do, I'll put glue on it, sir, and make it stick. Guess I'll look around your room myself. Maybe you didn't see it."

But the gun was not in Wheat's room. Sullivan poked his

flashlamp through the window and examined the ground outside. There was no chance of footprints here, however, for the flagstones extended all the way to the wall.

Wheat, following him back to the hearth, exclaimed suddenly: "Why, look here, Corporal! You were in the room with him when he was killed. Alone. You had the door shut. Maybe you'd better do some explaining yourself. Now . . . I'm your superior officer. I think . . ."

Sullivan replied, "Yes, I know. You think you ought to take charge, sir, but I'll not let you. I got the authority in my pocket from G. H. Q. I'm running this, and wish I wasn't. Your gun is gone. Maybe we'd best look for it. Meanwhile, where was you all when the shot was fired? Sergeant Perthe, I see you leggin' it in the front door."

"I'd gone out to walk up and down the roadway," Perthe said lamely.

"Accustomed to takin' a promenade at three in the morning?" Sullivan asked.

"No, I'm not. I'm not accustomed to have a pop-eyed corporal go jawin' at me, either."

"You'd be surprised at what you can get accustomed to," Sullivan retorted. "Where was you at, Pierre, when the lieutenant got shot?"

The young Frenchman, who at last had remembered to put on his trousers, had difficulty in understanding this time. Sullivan translated into awkward French, speaking loudly, as if the man were deaf.

"Who . . . me?" Pierre, too, gave up attempts at English.

"Why, m'sieur, I am procuring the fuel for the fire . . . it is the desire of m'sieur the captain that I build a fire. I have the arms full of wood . . . you see me in the kitchen . . . I am . . ."

"Where was you, soldier?"

Private Hlaska hitched up his trousers and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and looked down at the dried mud on his shoes before he answered.

"Well, now's you're askin', I was havin' me a swaff of liquor." He paused. "Come close an' you can smell it on me yet, it was that potent."

"Having a drink? Wouldn't mind lickin' up a few myself. Where was you drinking?"

"In the grog room." The man pointed a finger that shook violently, toward the estaminet.

"I didn't notice any light in there," Sullivan countered. "Who waited on you?"

"If there'd been a light or somebody to wait on me I wouldn't of got my drink," Hlaska explained. "You ought to know that. These frogs want to ring your money on the bar to make sure it ain't phoney before they pass the swaff across the zinc. We ain't had a payday for two months. I ain't rich an' settin' on my coin like Flandreau."

"In other words, you was stealin' a shot of lickin' in the dark?" Sullivan said.

"I don't call that stealin'," Hlaska objected.

"What you call it don't make very much difference right now. You stealin' lickin' in the estaminet, Pierre luggin' in the kindlings, Captain Wheat just standing around in his door wonderin' what to do next,

Perthe takin' himself a promenade. That leaves the two women. What about you, mam'selle? Where was you when the shooting starts?"

Yvonne looked at him sullenly.

"I tell the gendarme when he comes in the morning," she said at last. "I also tell him who kills the poor lieutenant."

"Tell the gendarme who killed him?" Sullivan repeated. "Now that'll be nice, but how do you know?"

"I am positive," she said slowly. "I know. The lieutenant is my good friend. He is fearful of someone. He is fearful he will be killed. He has told me."

Sullivan glanced quickly at Captain Wheat, who was biting his underlip and scowling at the girl.

"Poppycock!" the captain ejaculated.

Yvonne tossed her head. "Very good, m'sieur. I tell the gendarme."

Wheat picked up the remainder of the small heap of fagots and threw them on the dying fire. He rubbed his hands together.

"You're . . . going to leave him there, that way?" he asked.

Sullivan hesitated. "Guess not," he decided. "No . . . you, Pierre . . . your clerk, Captain, what's his name?"

"Hlaska," Wheat said.

"You and the boy carry this one away too, Hlaska," Sullivan told them. "Goin' to be old hands at it before the night's over." Again the group followed the pair with their burden to a bedroom. "That makes two," Sullivan said. He turned to Wheat. "I'm going out to hunt your pistol now, Captain."

"I go with?" Pierre asked.

Sullivan looked at Hlaska. "Better stay and watch the grog shop."

In the kitchen Madame Banc was cutting herself a hunk of bread as Sullivan went through. When he returned, twenty minutes later, she still was there at the same task. The others waited silently in the big room. Only Perthe paced the floor.

"Find my pistol, Corporal?" Captain Wheat demanded.

"I guess it's been issued to the lost battalion," Sullivan replied. "It's not around here anywhere, at least."

He pulled the lamp to the edge of the table, sat down, drew a notebook from his pocket, and began to write in it slowly. Perthe, walking up and down, paused behind the chair. Sullivan snapped shut the cover, and at once the sergeant resumed his pacing.

The clock struck five.

"Ever sit?" Sullivan asked Perthe.

The sergeant complied briefly. In a minute he again was walking.

"You must be a hell-bender on a hike!" Sullivan growled at him shortly before six o'clock. No one had spoken for fifteen minutes. Madame Banc, a chunk of bread still in her hand, sat in a chair asleep. Captain Wheat rose.

"I'm going to make a fire that *is* a fire," he said determinedly. He picked up a short candle from the table. "It's not going to be all match sticks, either. Where's the wood kept around here?"

Yvonne answered: "In the room by the kitchen," but Pierre leaped up from the floor.

"I, m'sieur," he cried anxiously, "I will get it!"

"You don't know wood when you see it," Wheat said, making for the door.

"Please, m'sieur . . . I regret m'sieur is cold . . ."

Wheat persisted, "I want fire this time. Climb over logs up at camp all



"I do *not* kill M'sieur Flandreau . . ."

day and then come down here and freeze! Doesn't make sense."

"It shall be a fire, m'sieur!" the boy cried. "Please!" he urged. "I . . ." he ran out, stammering.

He brought in two armloads this time, bigger than usual. When he had puffed one into flame he asked solicitously if this was enough.

"For a minute at least," Wheat admitted.

"I'll get some, too," Sullivan said.

Pierre cried, "Oh, no, m'sieur!"

"Why not?"

Sullivan folded his notebook and walked with lazy steps toward the kitchen. But once through its door his attitude changed. He swung alertly to the right, and poking his flash-lamp ahead of him, entered the dark room from which earlier in the night he had seen Pierre carrying the fagots.

The room was heaped with bundles of small twigs and a little pile of heavier wood was stacked in one corner. The air smelled dusty, like an old barn. Sullivan worked quickly. He began to jerk out bundles of fagots, tossing them into the middle of the floor. When he had thus disposed of a dozen or more bundles his hand reached suddenly into the pile and came out clutching Captain Wheat's pistol.

He dropped the magazine into his hand, by pressing the small release button on its side, then smelled the muzzle, sniffing lightly. Yes, it had been fired. He returned, walking briskly.

Wheat cried huskily: "You found it?"

Sullivan nodded. "I'll keep it, too, if you don't mind," he added when the captain reached for it.

Pierre jumped up. "Found? Where, m'sieur?"

Sullivan faced him. He held the pistol in his right hand.

"Where you put it," he answered. Pierre gasped and Sullivan went on, "Just where you left it, after shooting Lieutenant Munn."

Yvonne had jumped up from her place beside the wall. She was crying: "That is true . . . You kill . . . You kill my lieutenant!"

Pierre cringed, then raised his arms toward her.

The girl stamped her foot and the wooden sole of her shoe whacked the floor resoundingly. "I tell you true, m'sieurs! This fat cow," she indicated Madame Banc, "would make me marry Pierre!"

"Yes, I know," Sullivan agreed.

"When my young man . . . my Lieutenant Munn . . . he come here to see me, (Continued on page 39)



The corporal climbed up and spent two minutes examining the wide sill of the window



KEEPING *the* PEACE

By Burt M. McConnell

THERE occurred, within a single week last August, several things that may lead to important changes in American aerial defense plans: Soviet-Japanese negotiations for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria were broken off indefinitely; Japanese naval authorities announced their determination to build up their navy to full Treaty strength before the end of January; Russia was quietly seeking admission to the League of Nations; Japanese naval officials announced that they would support their government in denouncing the Washington Naval Treaty; Washington officials declared that an investigation had revealed Japan as an empire impregnable to any kind of attack; the Secretary of the Navy opened bids at Washington for the construction of twenty-four cruisers, submarines, and destroyers, as the first step toward making the United States the greatest defensive naval power in the world; and the Secretary of War declared that two experimental bombing planes, each with a cruising radius of 3,000 miles, were to be built for the Army Air Corps.

While all this was going on, ten huge Martin bombers were flying from Washington to Fairbanks, Alaska, and return; a Navy submarine division, consisting of the Admiral's flagship, two tenders, and six submarines, was en route to the Aleutian Peninsula and the Hawaiian Islands; six Navy amphibian planes were just completing their surveying and mapping work in that part of Alaska nearest Japan; the Washington Department of The American Legion was considering a resolution (later adopted at the Department Convention, which was attended by the National Commander) calling for adequate fortification of the Aleutian Islands; the commander of the United States Navy's seaplanes was directing from his flagship the first mass flight of a dozen large bombing and patrol planes in Alaskan waters.

A few weeks later the Navy Department announced that

the 1935 naval maneuvers would be held off the coast of Southwestern Alaska.

There you have the picture. Draw your own conclusions.

Now, the writer is not an alarmist. But a knowledge of developments in the Pacific, together with the fact that the Fourteenth Annual Convention of The American Legion, Department of Alaska, adopted a resolution calling upon the Government to decline to promise not to establish naval air and submarine bases on the Aleutian Islands when the Washington Treaty comes up for consideration next year, seemed to warrant the editor in sending with one of the above cruises to Alaska, not a war correspondent, but a peace correspondent, to report on the summer activities of the Army and Navy. Incidentally, no other magazine was so represented.

It was manifestly impossible for a writer to be in four places at one time, so the cruise with the Navy seaplanes was chosen. This may seem like rank treason on the part of a former sergeant in the Army Air Service, but after all, the Navy is our first line of defense. If, as high-ranking military and naval officers predict, the next great war will be fought in the Pacific, it will be the Navy's job to cut off the advance of the enemy. Meanwhile, it is its duty to prepare for whatever the future may hold.

The writer joined the Navy contingent at Seattle. He found that Admiral A. W. Johnson, former assistant to Admiral Moffett in the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, was in charge, not only of the Alaska flight, but of all the Navy's patrol plane squadrons and their main bases at Coco Solo, Panama, and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, together with the necessary surface ships to carry on their operations. Last year one of his squadrons flew an average



NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

in the PACIFIC

NAVY seaplanes working as a unit conducted maneuvers off the coast of Alaska last summer, operating for two months independent of aid from the mainland and laying the foundations for whatever operations by that arm of the Navy may be necessary there. No matter what happens in the Orient, Uncle Sam means to be prepared—in fact, the Navy's 1935 maneuvers are to be held in Alaskan waters

of five hundred hours (which is the rough equivalent of 50,000 miles) without serious accident. This is, without doubt, a greater mileage than that of any other squadron, army or navy, in the world.

Another squadron of his command established a world's record last January, when Commander Kneffler McGinnis led the six big twin-engined flying boats of Squadron 10 in a non-stop flight of 2,408 miles from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. This squadron had already flown, non-stop, from Norfolk to the Canal Zone (2,150 miles); on to Acapulco, Mexico (1,250 miles); and to San Diego, California (1,648 miles). The last two hops, aggregating 2,898 miles, were made in two consecutive days, and on the flight from Acapulco Admiral Johnson accompanied Commander McGinnis. Like his former chief, Admiral Moffett, and Moffett's successor, Admiral E. J. King, he is no arm-chair

flier. He accompanied the Alaska seaplanes on their first hop of six hundred miles, and later in the flight had one of the seaplanes lowered into the water from the deck of his flagship, the *Wright*, and overtook the main flight at Cordova.

WHILE the hop of the six big seaplanes to Pearl Harbor was the most spectacular undertaking in the history of our naval air force, and was carried out on schedule, perhaps the most useful was the mass flight of Squadrons 7 and 9 to Ketchikan, Juneau, Cordova, Valdez, Seward, Kodiak and Sitka last summer. For four weeks the writer alternately sailed in the flagship and flew in one of the gray-hulled air-cruisers past scenes of infinite beauty, over Malaspina Glacier, the largest in the world; past Mt. St. Elias, rising in lonely majesty far above neighboring peaks; above Yakutat Bay, first settled by the Russians more than a hundred years ago; parallel with miles of forest trees that were old before Columbus discovered America.

In order that the writer might get a photograph of several seaplanes with a background of ice, he was flown to within two hundred yards of Columbia Glacier, in all its snow-white and steel-blue splendor; around precipitous mountains and rugged peaks. Rivers, kissed by summer's sun and fed by winter's snow, came tearing down steep canyons like herds of wild horses, tossing high their manes of foaming spray. Off to the westward, the sun sank in a glory of copper and gold; the snow-covered peaks of the Fairweather Range took on a pink and salmon color. The foot-hills in the middle distance were clothed in a deep purple haze. Below was a sea as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond—dark green, jade green, and black. Bays, forests, lakes, rivers,

The Navy planes on the mass flight to Alaska passing over Malaspina Glacier, largest in the world, with Mt. St. Elias in the background. On opposite page: One of the ships passing Mt. Fairweather, an outstanding peak of the St. Elias range in Southeastern Alaska



NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

The aircraft tender Wright, flagship of the Navy's cruise to Alaska, taking on fuel at Seward, where as at other stopping places officers, pilots and members of the crew were given the heartiest of welcomes

waterfalls, glaciers, and range after range of mountains were passed in rapid succession. On every side was a vista of enchanting beauty. Many of the bergs cast off by those relics of another age, the glaciers, were the color of turquoise; others were a pure, glistening white; still others had the brilliance of blue-white diamonds. Glaciers were everywhere; vast rivers of ice filled the valleys.

But the Navy seaplanes were not brought to Alaska in order that Commander Shoemaker and his pilots might take in the scenery. The cruise was a routine Navy maneuver, one of the many the planes and tenders are required to make at frequent intervals to give the flying and ships' personnel operating experience in different localities, at different seasons, and under different climatic conditions. A few weeks before, these same planes were operating with the Fleet off Puerto Rico during the annual maneuvers.

American naval officers who once had a predilection for the battleship now agree that naval aviation is a most indispensable part of the Fleet. Today the airplane is a major arm instead of the auxiliary it was at the end of the World War; many naval officers consider it *the* major arm. Increased speed, increased range, and increased load-carrying ability have brought about this remarkable change. Admiral Johnson's PM-1 (Patrol Martin) seaplanes, an obsolescent type, will carry two 1,000-lb. bombs—one under each wing.

The Army's Martin bombers which made the Alaska hop last summer are not the slow, cumbersome planes of

recent years; actually they are faster than many single-seat fighters, with a speed in excess of two hundred miles an hour. This type of plane, equipped with retractable landing gear, constitutes a valuable coastal defense weapon; it can strike an invader far out at sea. Equipped with a flying-boat hull, it could range five hundred miles out, land on the open ocean if necessary, and take off. Its maneuverability—the ability to indulge in aerial acrobatics or elude an enemy fighter in the air—is unusual

Time out for lunch on a navy seaplane in the harbor of Valdez



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

The harbors were the landing fields for the planes. Here's a crew from the *Wright* taking up moorings after the planes had resumed their flight

for a large, weight-carrying plane. With two 700-h.p. engines set in the leading edge of the wing, this all-metal monoplane has been declared by the War Department to be "the most powerful military weapon produced since the World War."

Admiral Johnson's belief is that the Navy should have (in addition to the land planes and amphibians carried on cruisers, battle-ships, and aircraft carriers) a separate unit of long-range patrol seaplanes, capable of landing on the open sea and riding out a storm. He has demonstrated that with these flying men-of-war, operating with small tenders and a flagship, an aerial bombing and scouting patrol can be made entirely self-supporting. In other words, they can operate for months at a time along a coast where there are no landing fields, hangars, supply depots, or ramps—wherever anchorages can be found for planes and tenders. The ships constitute a mobile base; in fact, they acted as such during the recent naval maneuvers in the West Indies and in the flight from Puerto Rico to Alaska. They serve as advance bases for fuel and oil, engine overhaul, repairs, moorings, food supplies, and equipment.

When one considers how difficult and expensive it would be to build hangars, supply depots and landing fields all along our extensive coast line, one realizes how valuable an adjunct to the Navy this mobile organization would be once hostilities had begun; how essential it is to search out sheltered bays and inlets along Alaska's shores, and to familiarize a large number of our naval pilots with Alaska's peculiar weather conditions and the sight of her rocky headlands. Nor will the pilots be compelled to rely on their memories alone; the *Wright* carries two expert photographers, and one of them accompanied every flight.

From the moment the *Wright* dropped her hook at Ketchikan, the first Alaskan port of call, until she steamed out of Sitka, the old Russian capital, the cruise (between flights) was one round of official welcomes, dances; of baseball games between the *Wright* team (champions of the Navy) and a local nine, dinners on board and ashore, theatre parties, hunting and fishing expeditions; of



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

visits to glaciers, lakes, and other points of interest, and chamber-of-commerce luncheons. Governor Troy came on board at Juneau to extend an official welcome—and was surprised to find in the "skipper" of the *Wright* none other than Captain A. C. Read, who first flew the Atlantic in the old NC-4.

The Army Signal Corps co-operated in every possible way in sending and receiving weather reports by radio. And the Navy, on its part, was able to manufacture carbogen on the *Wright*, and to send it to the hospital at Ketchikan by transport pilot in time to save the lives of three pneumonia patients.

At Juneau and everywhere else in Alaska (and in Prince Rupert and Vancouver, B. C.), Commander Shoemaker and his flying personnel received a welcome that they will never forget. Alaskans, accustomed to neglect by Washington bureaus, interpreted the visit of the flagship, the twelve seaplanes, and the three tenders as an assurance that Uncle Sam had not altogether forgotten his "Ugly Duckling," as our most valuable possession has been called.

As for the writer, he was taken in hand by the Commander of the Ketchikan Post and Department Commander Chase, the Department Adjutant at Juneau, the Commander of the Post at Cordova and Past Commander Ellis, the Commander of the Post at Seward, and Past Commander Hansen at Sitka. Clubs were established for the officers at a number of towns, fraternal orders threw wide their doors everywhere, and motion-picture theatres, of course, were free to everyone in uniform. There was never for a moment any doubt about the warmth of Alaska's welcome. Moreover, the Army fliers were made to feel just as much at home in Fairbanks, Nome, Anchorage, and Juneau.

While a comparison between two branches of the government service might at first seem to be invidious, in all fairness it should be pointed out that the Army's Martin bombers which made the flight to the central part of the Territory were absolutely new; the Navy planes were five years old. By a coincidence, they were made by the same designer and manufacturer—Glenn L. Martin. The Army flight was made by a specially organized unit. The pilots were carefully selected from the best in the Air Corps, and the most experienced mechanics and the best radio experts were assigned to the planes; Admiral Johnson merely designated two squadrons out of a dozen to make the Alaska cruise. It is true that plans for the flight were approved by the Navy Department some eight months before the beginning of the maneuver, but the ships and men were the regular operating fleet units and did not need to undergo a long period of training.

The Army Air (Continued on page 55)

The tender *Swan* putting a plane over the side after repairing it, in the harbor at Sitka



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

by Willard
Cooper

VOTE for

THE politicians call this an off-year because we're not electing a President. In off-years, Mr. Cooper reveals, sometimes as few as 65 voters in a hundred cast votes for Governor or Congressman. In some local elections less than half of those eligible cast ballots. And yet, measured by what each type of government costs him, the average citizen should be at least three times as anxious to vote for alderman or selectman as for President, Governor or Congressman

PROBABLY my friend Jones is an average citizen. He has a wife and two children and an automobile and a radio and a dog. He was in the infantry and he shoots golf in something over a hundred. He plays bridge regularly and gradually he is acquiring an unwarranted conviction that he was a star baseball player in his youth. He refuses to walk under ladders and he laughs at people who knock on wood. He likes apple pie with ice cream.

But the final proof that he is an average citizen is this: If you call him one he may bop you on the nose. Jones likes to think of himself as a very good citizen indeed—a much-better-than-average citizen.

He probably is a good citizen, too—average good. He has

never been in jail. He is kind to his family. He stops for red lights and only cheats on yellow lights by split seconds. He gives half a week's pay to the Community Chest every year. He serves on two committees of his Legion post. He has one of the neatest lawns on the West Side.

Two years ago his citizenship was practically feverish. Jones was all in a dither about the Presidency.

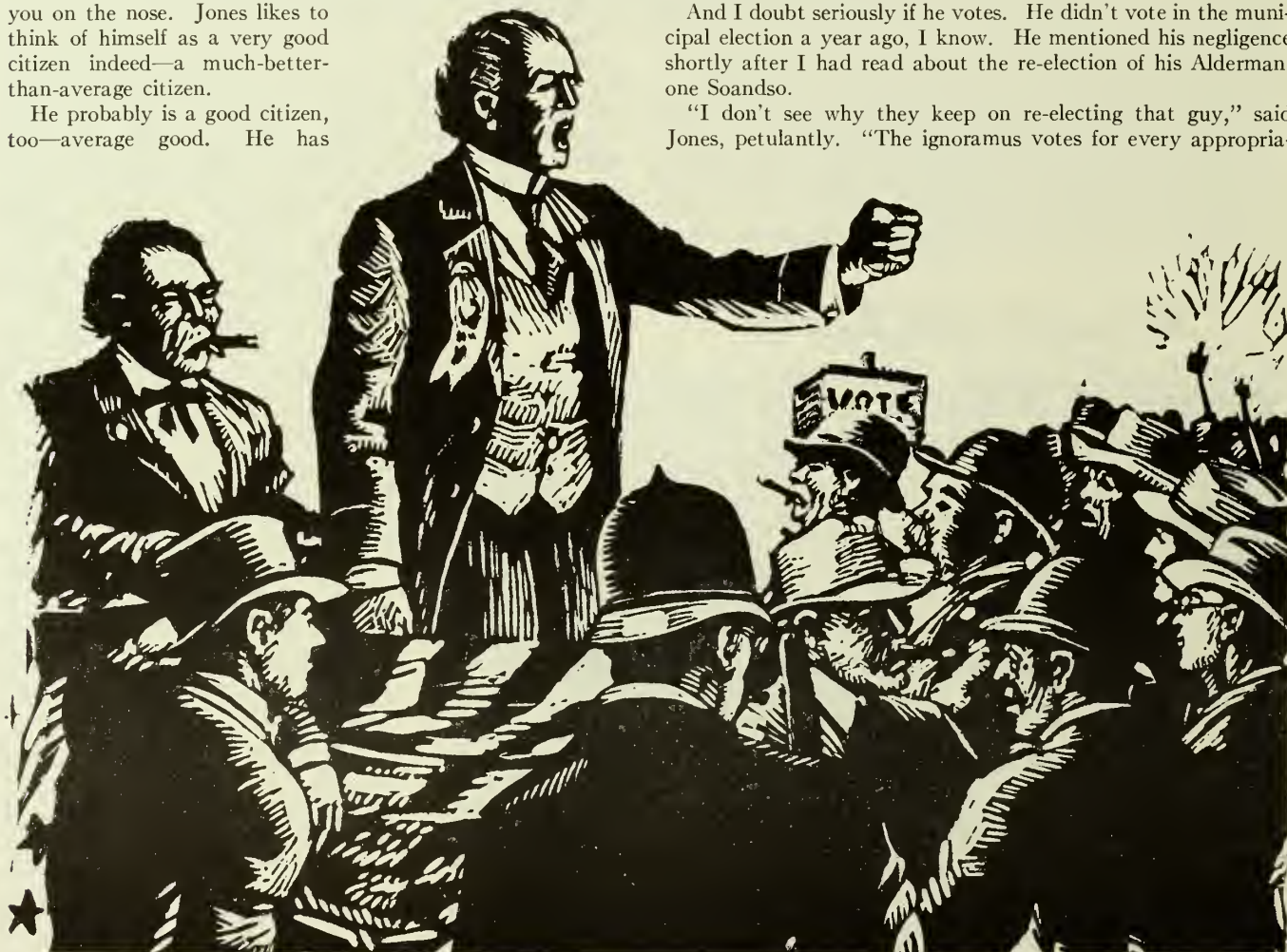
The country was going to the dogs if

Hoover were re-elected or were not re-elected—I forget which. Election day he arose, as Pepys and the columnists say, betimes. He shaved, bathed, or bathed and shaved, and he took his wife by the hand and marched her to the polls. They voted. Then Jones went to work with a clear conscience and a firm belief that he had saved his country from a terrible fate.

Along with the rest of the people of this country—or most of them—Jones will have another opportunity to vote in a few days now. But his temperature seems normal. He hasn't a dither to his name.

And I doubt seriously if he votes. He didn't vote in the municipal election a year ago, I know. He mentioned his negligence shortly after I had read about the re-election of his Alderman, one Soandso.

"I don't see why they keep on re-electing that guy," said Jones, petulantly. "The ignoramus votes for every appropri-



WHOOZIS

tion bill that comes up. All alone I'll bet he adds five mills to the tax rate."

"Why didn't you vote against him?" I asked.

"Didn't have time," said Jones.

Jones didn't have much time to vote in 1932, either. Did I mention that he got up early, to do so? These and other reflections made me wonder if, after all, the presidency is any more important to Jones, the individual, than an aldermancy. I hunted down some statistics. Finally, I came to the conclusion that from a purely materialistic point of view, President Roosevelt probably is much less important to Jones than is Alderman Soandso, who so elaborately misrepresents Ward 36 at City Hall.

Now Jones, as I have said before, is close to being an average citizen. Maybe his salary of \$50 a week, plus expenses, departs from the average, but in many respects he's a composite of all Americans of his age. For instance, he pays no income tax. Strange to say, not many Americans do. Jones's various exemptions manage to clear him of this onerous obligation. About the only Federal taxes he really feels are those on gasoline, cigarettes and amusements. (The \$5-a-barrel tax on beer comes under the head of amusements.) He drives his car about 10,000 miles a year and pays a gasoline tax of about \$7 all told. He smokes a package of cigarettes a day and pays six cents tax on each package—a total of about \$22 a year.

His other tax payments—tariffs, corporation and the like—are highly indirect and, I think, highly insignificant. In theory at least, they are paid by people whose incomes are much better than average. All told, Jones probably pays Uncle Sam about \$50 a year. But suppose he is entirely average and pays his per capita share, and the shares of his wife and children, toward the national income. Even then he gets mulcted for only about \$80.

But down at City Hall, Jones pays about \$240 a year to keep Alderman Soandso and the city in the

manner to which they have become accustomed. He happens to own his own home, which is assessed on a valuation of \$6500 which is high, but the tax rate of 30 mills on the dollar is rather low for the average city, so it evens up. If Jones rented the house, he'd just be paying the taxes via his landlord. If he lived in another city, his house probably would be valued at less—maybe \$4500, maybe \$5000—but the rate might run to \$40.

Anyway, Jones pays about \$195 a year into the municipal treasury. His water bills average \$30 a year. This year he had to pay \$175 for a new paving which was laid in front of his home. But let's not count that in; it was an extraordinary expense, like the Federal expenses implied by a war, or by the PWA. Jones pays a \$2 poll tax and a \$3 dog tax and somebody once told him that one is a privilege tax and one is a nuisance tax and neither Jones nor I can figure out which is which. He pays about \$10 a year as an excise tax on his car. In our State, the poll tax, dog tax and excise taxes go to the State, but come back, after a little bookkeeping just for fun, to the town or city.

However you figure it, Jones pays at least \$240 a year, on the average. Last year, as my figures show, he paid much more. This average from year to year is three or four times as much as he pays to Washington. Yet he did not vote for Mayor and Alderman last year and he may not vote for Governor, United States Senator, Congressman and members of the State Legislature this year. And he boasts that he has never failed to vote in a Presidential election since 1912!

Nor is Jones unique to our town. As a (Continued on page 48)

*Illustration by
Lowell L. Balcom*





The HOME that *By Philip*

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES was thirty-nine years old when the Governor of Ohio appointed him major of a volunteer infantry regiment, and one month later, in July of 1861, he found himself in western Virginia—a kindergarten of the Civil War. He fought throughout that war, showed exceptional bravery at South Mountain, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, became a brigadier general of volunteers and then a major general of the army composed of his friends and neighbors from back home in Ohio.

General Hayes was on the road to destiny. The Ohio town of Delaware was his birthplace. He practiced law in Lower Sandusky and Cincinnati before he put on the blue uniform. He was still in that uniform when his friends and neighbors in Ohio elected him to Congress in 1865. They re-elected him in 1866, and in 1868, as a foremost figure of Ohio's recent soldiery, they made him Governor. Eight years later he was to be President of the United States.

Governor Hayes found he had inherited a Pandora's Box of troubles growing out of the war. There was the problem of proper care of the wounded soldiers who had come back home to find jobs scarce and times hard. There was the problem of taking care of the families of the dead and the disabled. There was particularly the question of what the State should do for the orphans of those who had not come back. Abraham Lincoln had given the nation's pledge that these children should not be forgotten. But what could be done? There was no precedent upon which the State could found its provisions for them. Earlier wars of the nation had been fought in different times. And now, Ohio was no longer a pioneer State, no longer a pioneer collection of neighborhoods in which relatives and neighbors quietly and unassumingly would take into their homes any child who became fatherless and motherless.

Boys and girls who were in the cradle when their

fathers marched away to Gettysburg and Appomattox, were now seven or eight years old. Almost every community in the State found its sympathies stirred by the dark fortune of the children bereft.

At Dayton, Ohio, was the National Soldiers' Home, harbor for battleworn human craft who had found Ohio no longer the home port it had been when they went away. Here, Colonel E. F. Brown, governor of the home, had a problem of his own. Boys whose fathers were in the Home were being sheltered in a barracks building on the Home grounds. There was no place else for them to go. Somebody was clamoring objections to their being there.

The Grand Army of the Republic, busy with politics and parades, still found time to do a lot of thinking about war orphans. Several members of the G. A. R. living in Xenia, Ohio, decided the time had come when somebody must establish a home for the orphans. They called a meeting in the City Hall at Xenia. It was held on June 30, 1869. Many G. A. R. members came, and with them citizens of the community and public spirited men from other parts of Ohio. Governor Hayes came also. He made a speech approving the idea. The G. A. R. men and others

The Administration Building was destroyed by fire and rebuilt on its original walls in 1879. The Legion is urging replacement of other old buildings, used as schools, which are firetraps





FOUND ITSELF

Von Blon

present pledged themselves to give \$16,500 with which to start the Home.

Before the snow was flying that autumn a new building had risen on a sloping hillside, amid forest trees, southeast of Xenia, where the city had given a tract of one hundred acres. The Grand Army created a board of control, and one of the members was Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of the Governor. Little boys and girls began to arrive at the Home from Ohio towns. There arrived also the boys from the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton. The problem of the governor of the Soldiers' Home had been solved, but the orphans' problem of Governor Hayes of Ohio was just beginning.

The G. A. R. had intended to build and operate the home at Xenia. But the organization's experience in the first year proved that it couldn't do the job unaided. With the sum of \$16,500 originally pledged, and with later contributions from residents of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, the founders managed to erect not only an administration building but two cottages as well.

Note carefully those two cottages. They marked an important innovation. Up to this time orphans' homes everywhere had

The Peter Pan Cottages of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, for children under eight, replaced antiquated Civil War structures after Ohio Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units appealed to state legislators in their home towns

been built on a standardized pattern—huge buildings into which children were crowded like baby chicks in an incubator. School-rooms were on lower floors of these buildings and sleeping quarters—big rooms with many rows of cots—on the upper floors. Just such buildings, perhaps, as Charles Dickens must have known when he wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*, those novels which aroused all England to the deplorable conditions of English private schools and orphanages.

Luckily, at Marietta, Ohio, a woman had conceived the idea of a different sort of home for fatherless and motherless children. She visualized a home which would be composed of many cottages, each one small enough to make those within its walls feel that they belonged to a little family which was part of a big family—each cottage presided over by a mother who would attempt to give to her own little flock all that they might have received in the homes in which they were born. The Marietta woman's idea, embodied in those first two cottages at Xenia, was later destined to win favor throughout the United States.

In 1870, the G. A. R. and its auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps, discovered that even though they had built at Xenia the administration building, a trade school and two cottages, the cost of maintenance was far beyond the means they could command. Fifty-five years later The American Legion after a similar national experiment was to make the same discovery.

Governor Hayes, a Past (Continued on page 59)

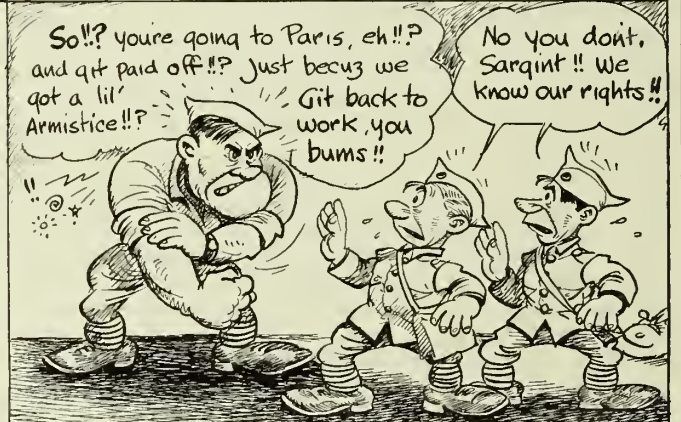
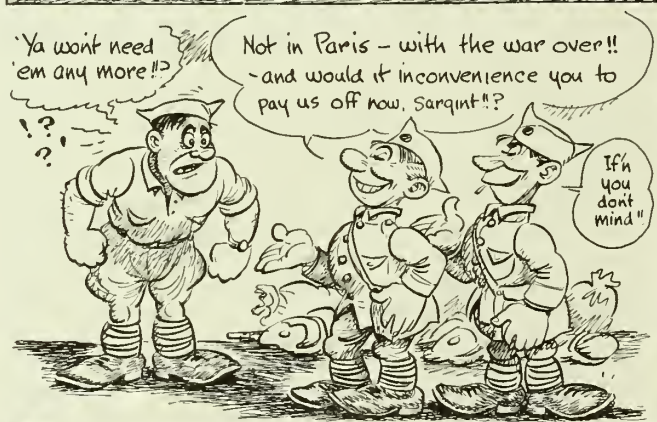
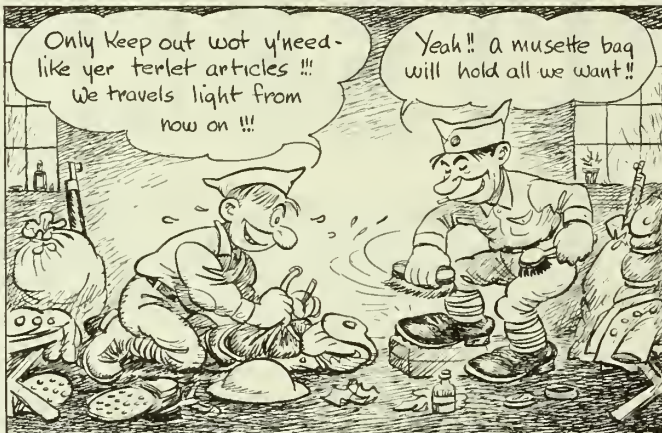
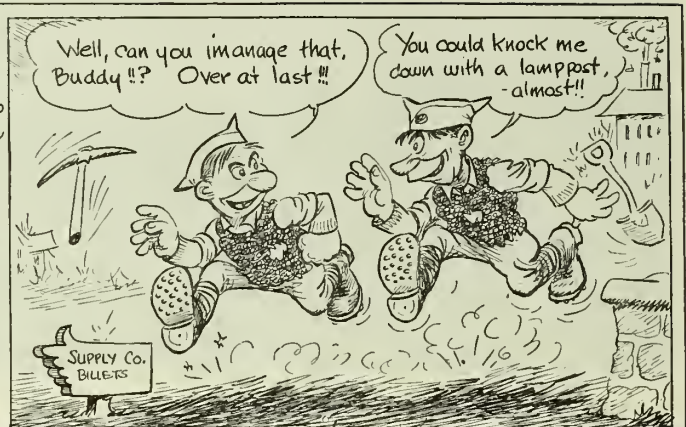
Typifying progress at Xenia under the Legion program is the new fireproof dining room in which children sit as little families at small tables and are free from depressing restraint



IT WAS

And Then Again It Wasn't

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



A COLORED recruit from South Georgia arrived in Bordeaux, where he was placed in a pioneer infantry outfit, and his first assignment to duty was helping unload A. E. F. cargo at the docks. There was keen rivalry for tonnage records in those days, and the company to which he had been assigned was leading the pack, but hard pressed to hold the honors.

At the end of his first day's work, the recruit looked up the top sergeant and asked:

"Cap'n, is you all got mah name right on de books?"

"I guess so," replied the top, "but we can check up and see. What is your name?"

"Simpson, suh."

The sergeant started through the service records; finally pausing at one, he asked:

"Henry Simpson; is that your name?"

"Yassuh, dat's hit."

"Satisfied now?"

"I guess so—but de way dat corp'l was a measurin' dem loads out to me, I thought maybe you all might a had mah name down as Samson."

JOHN W. McLARTY, who used to train machine gunners in the A. E. F., tells us about three soldiers who had got into enemy territory and did not know it until they came upon a detachment of sleeping German soldiers.

"S-s-sh!" whispered one of the Americans. "Let's capture 'em."

"Ah, why go to that trouble?" demurred another. "Why not shoot 'em and be done with it?"

"Hell, no!" exclaimed the third. "Let's wake 'em up and start a fight!"



THE children in 5B were having their arithmetic examination. Little Virginia was the last to finish her problems and turn in her paper. Instead of signing her own name to the paper, she had inscribed that of a well-known actress.

"Why did you sign the name of Mae West to your problems?" her teacher asked.

"'Cause I think I done 'em wrong."

THEN there's the one about a certain fellow noted for his nerve, shortness of temper and scarcity of cash. While seated at a lonely breakfast in his club one morning a professional debt collector

got by a drowsy door man and presented his bill.

"Sir!" said the clubman, glaring at the collector, "is this all you know of the usages of decent society; to present a bill to a man breakfasting? Do you know you are an intruder in this club, sir? Do you know I could have you thrown out? If you wish to talk business, return to the outside and send in your card."

The collector reluctantly went outside and sent in his card. The debtor picked it up between thumb and forefinger, carefully adjusted his glasses and read it.

"Tell the gentleman," he said sweetly, "that I am not in."

THE honeymoon was over and the young newlyweds were having their first battle.

"And another thing," said the irate groom. "Did you tell your parents that you married me for my money?"

"Yes!" replied the belligerent young bride. "I had to give them some excuse!"



SOUTH DAKOTA'S one and only Jim Mullaney tells about taking an old G. A. R. friend to a Legion banquet.

Because of his deafness, the good old comrade made some ludicrous and at times embarrassing mistakes. At the banquet he was seated at the speakers' table next to a member of the Auxiliary who tried to help him along in conversation. As the fruit was being passed, she asked him:

"Do you like bananas?"

"No," replied the old soldier, with a look of astonishment. "The fact is," he continued in a confidential tone, which could be heard all over the room, "I like the old-fashioned nightshirt—it's plenty good enough for me."

THE teacher was examining the class in Nature Study. "Now, children, while we are on the subject of sheep, can any of you tell me the names of the male, female and the offspring?"

"You bet, teacher," was the confident reply of one little boy. "Ram—the daddy, Dam—the mammy and Lam—the kid."

HERB KIBLER, from out Montana way, says that one day he chanced to watch a poker game in the merry days of old, when the stakes were heavy, and he saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the deck.

He had never seen such brazen cheat-

ing and could not restrain from asking another bystander: "Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Why, that fellow dealt himself four aces!"

"Well, it was his deal—wasn't it?"



AND Hugh Lewis, alternate for the National Executive Committeeman from Kentucky, revives the classic about the magician who was giving a performance in a Kentucky town. During the show, the magician announced that in his next trick he would need a pint flask of whiskey. No one made a move to supply the beverage.

"Perhaps you did not understand me," said the magician. "Will some gentleman please lend me a pint flask of whiskey?"

A tall spare man in the rear of the hall arose. "Mistah," he said, "will a quart flask do?"

"Just as well," replied the magician. And every man in the hall arose with flask extended.

LOUIS R. PROBST, Wyoming's National Executive Committeeman, comes through with the one about the man who had just cleaned up a large fortune, and was starting his social career with a reception and concert.

"So you got a good piano player for the concert I'm giving?" he asked his newly acquired secretary.

"Yes, a truly great virtuoso."

"I don't care nothin' about his morals. Can he play?"

LES ALBERT, Idaho's Department Adjutant, has a yarn about a tailor who had called on a debtor frequently in an effort to collect his bill, but without success. Finally, in desperation, the tailorsaid:

"Mr. Delay, I must insist that you make some definite arrangement with me."

"Why surely," replied Mr. Delay agreeably. "Let's see. Suppose you call every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock."



GUY WILES of Williams, West Virginia, reminds us of a sign that used to hang on the wall of an old hotel on the banks of Tug River. It read: "A reasonable amount of loafing will be tolerated—but not encouraged. Noisy drunks not wanted on any basis."

What Baseball Players TALK ABOUT

By Hugh Critz

Second Baseman, New York Giants

WHAT do major league baseball players talk about while they are on the field, playing a championship game, with anywhere from 5,000 to 50,000 fans roaring in the stands?

The fans know they must be talking about something. They can see that the catcher, batter and umpire are in conversation. One or more players is always talking to the pitcher. There is at least one argument every day. The fans can see this, but they are not close enough to hear what is being said. They hear noises like the crack of a bat, the thump of a ball, and the cries of fielders and coaches. For the most part, however, baseball, as far as the patrons of the game are concerned, is a melodrama without words.

"What were they talking about?"

It is a common, every-day question which seldom is answered, because the only persons who can answer it are on the ball field, playing the game, and doing the talking. Even the coaches on the first and third baselines don't always hear what's said, and the players on the bench get it for the most part by hearsay.

This talk, inaudible to the fans, is a lively part of baseball. It flavors the innumerable stories the players tell among themselves when they are sitting around in trains, hotel lobbies and odd places, killing time. It is the intimate part of baseball which the fans sometimes read about but never hear.

There are a lot of wise-cracking guys in baseball. What do they say? Well—

There was a free-for-all ball game going on in the Philly ball park. It's so small you rub the paint off the fences every time you turn around. The weather was hot and the players were mean. Anyone who was sent to the showers that day was lucky. At least he had a chance to cool off.

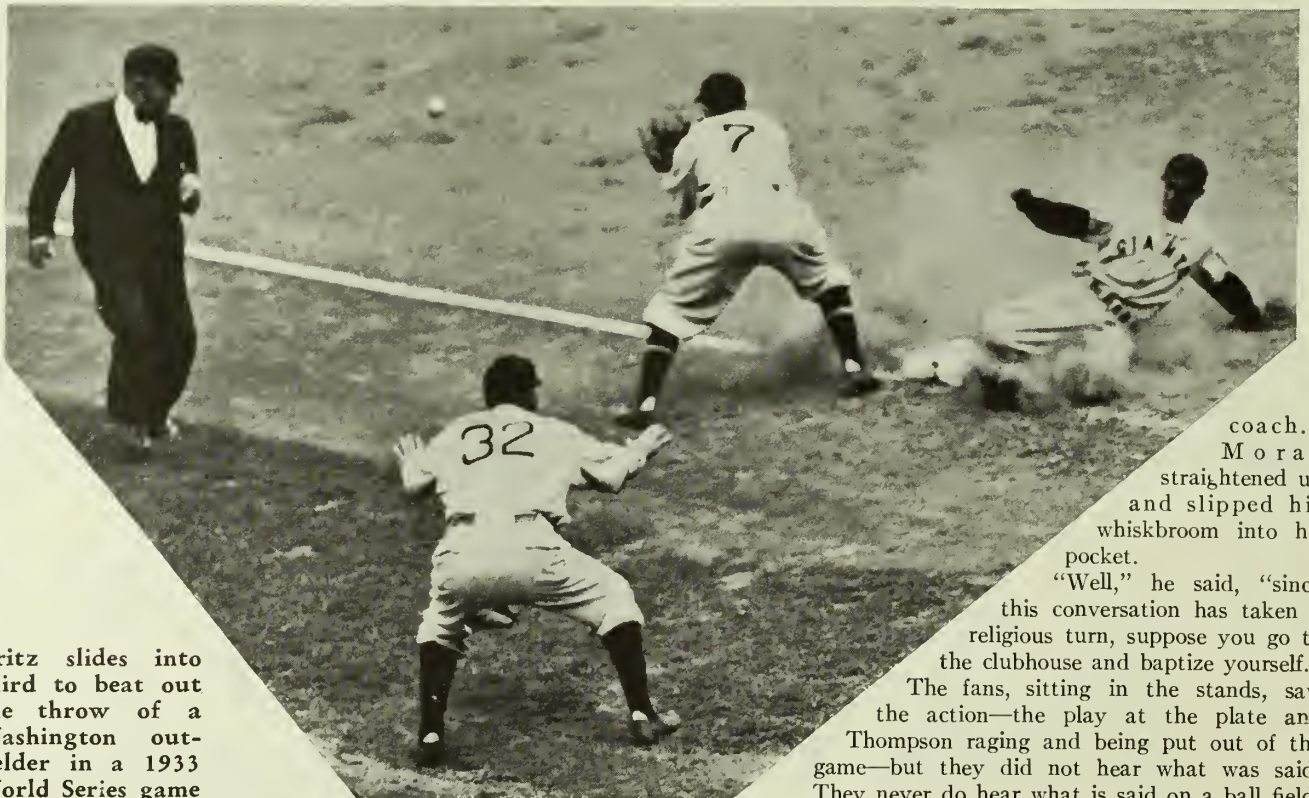
Fresco Thompson, then second baseman and captain of the Phillies, came tearing home from second base on a hit to the outfield. He came home sliding, and he and the ball arrived at the plate about the same time. It was a close play, all right, the kind that's sure to bring a protest from one side or the other.

Uncle Charley Moran was behind the plate. He used to coach Centre College football team, nicknamed "The Praying Colonels."

"You're out!" barked Moran.

You could have heard Thompson over in Camden. He let out a roar and a flood of words. Moran took out his little whiskbroom and dusted off the plate, paying no attention to him. Fresco followed him like a yapping dog, calling him everything he could think of in the way of insults. Finally, as a parting shot, Thompson said:

"No wonder they call that football team of yours 'the Praying Colonels.' I c'n see where they'd have to pray with you as their



Critz slides into third to beat out the throw of a Washington outfielder in a 1933 World Series game

coach."
Moran
straightened up
and slipped his
whiskbroom into his
pocket.

"Well," he said, "since this conversation has taken a religious turn, suppose you go to the clubhouse and baptize yourself." The fans, sitting in the stands, saw the action—the play at the plate and Thompson raging and being put out of the game—but they did not hear what was said. They never do hear what is said on a ball field.



Manager Bill Terry of the Giants crosses the plate on his home run in the final game of the 1933 series. Wonder what the catcher's saying to him

Sometimes it is just as well they don't. But I dare say a fan's idea of heaven is a seat on the bench with the ball players. He'd be all ears.

Everyone in the stands can see what the players are doing out there on the field; but they don't always understand what's going on. A man can't know "why" if he can't hear.

When I was with the Cincinnati Reds, this same Charley Moran was umpiring a ball game we were playing with the Chicago Cubs. Moran knew I was interested in hunting and he had a bird dog he wanted to sell. When I came up to bat Moran said:

"Say, I've got a fine dog I'd like to sell you . . . Strike!"

I stepped out of the box, picked up some dirt and said: "What kind of dog?"

"A setter," said Moran. "This is a well-bred dog."

Meanwhile the fans were yelling at Moran. They thought I was kicking about the strike.

I stepped back into the batter's box.

"Yes, sir," continued Moran, "I think you'd like this dog."

"How old is the dog?" I asked, waving my bat at the pitcher.

"A year and six months," said Moran. . . . "Ball one!"

"Holy Cow!" screamed the catcher—it may have been Hartnett; I don't remember. "We're tryin' to win a ball game and you two are talkin' about dogs. What was the matter with that ball?"

"I bred him myself," Moran went on. "I think you'd like him. Black and white dog . . . Strike two!"

I stepped out of the box again and picked up some more dirt.

"How good is this dog . . . Will he retrieve? If he won't retrieve, I won't want him."

The fans put the blast on Moran again.

"He's a great retriever," said Moran again. "I tell you what . . . Ball two!"

The catcher popped off again.

"Has the dog been hunted much?" I asked. "Is he gun shy?"

"He's thoroughly broken," said Moran . . . "Ball three!"

This was a close one. It might have been called a strike.

The catcher raved; the pitcher raved; the crowd razed the pitcher and the catcher.

"How much do you want for the dog?" I inquired, tapping my bat on the plate and facing the pitcher.

"Seventy-five dollars," answered Moran.

I fouled the next one.

"That's too much," I said.

"His daddy sold for \$150," said Moran. "His mother won a couple of field trials and sold for \$175."

"I'll give you \$50."

The pitch thudded into the catcher's mitt.

"Sold!" cried Moran. "Take your base."

The catcher moaned; the pitcher swore; the crowd howled. No one in the stands suspected I had just bought a bird dog.

EVEN though a fan's knowledge of baseball often gives him a pretty good idea of what players are talking about at times, he would understand what they were doing a lot better and would get a great kick out of it if he could hear them. Every real fan who attended the fourth game of the world series in Washington in October of 1933 had a good idea of what the Giants were talking about when they went into a huddle in the eleventh inning. What they did not know was what Charley Dressen said when he came running from the dugout and spoke to us. Dressen was not even in the ball game. We did what he said and won the game.

The Giants had a one-run lead, and the Senators had three men on bases and one out in the last of the eleventh. It looked as if they were bound to tie the score and (Continued on page 52)

The POWER BEHIND *the* PLOW

By Cornelius J. Claassen

IT WAS Abraham Lincoln, I believe, who pointed out that farm machinery was the determining factor in winning the Civil War for the North, and thus preserving the Union.

Some years before, a Virginian named McCormick had invented a reaper and had settled in Chicago to manufacture it both because the young city was close to the wheat lands of the Middle West and because there he found financial backing which enabled him to go ahead on a large scale. During the 1850's he made and widely sold his machinery in the grain belt of the Mississippi Valley. Where previously a man with scythe and cradle could harvest one to one and one-half acres of wheat from dawn to dark, the reaper multiplied his reach. The Chicago River was consequently a forest of schooner masts, and grain flowed in golden torrents down the Lakes to the thickly settled East.

With the outbreak of the war the farm boys of Iowa and Minnesota, of Nebraska and Wisconsin and Illinois flocked to recruiting stations. McCormick's great factory shipped trainloads of machines to take their places on the farms. And because his unerring mind saw that only the Virginian's invention had permitted maintaining Grant's and Sherman's armies at overwhelming strength while still feeding the nation, Abraham Lincoln said in effect that reapers won the war.

We have seen the same thing happen, though less spectacularly, in our own times. In the fifty years between Civil War and World War, farm work was steadily mechanized. One by one the hand jobs were displaced by machines which did them cheaper, and usually better. The per capita production of crops climbed



The gasoline-driven tractor was a war baby, developed to replace manpower that was needed on the fighting fronts. It has made good despite a dislocation of labor which it has sometimes caused

from decade to decade. And if you do not realize how much easier farm work has become meanwhile, I recommend that before it is too late you discuss the subject with one of the oldsters who swapped his farm overalls for a gray or blue uniform seventy years ago.

The use of farm machinery increased in a steady uphill line from Civil War to World War. But in 1917 it shot almost straight upward. The reason? The world's farmers had gone to war, and machines once more had the duty of taking their places.

For example, how many people

—yes, even how many farmers—had seen a tractor employed in cultivation prior to the World War? Those of us close to farming knew that gasoline tractors existed, that they were being used on some tremendous tracts. We had perhaps even watched demonstrations at state fairs. But by 1919 everybody who remained on this side of the Atlantic was familiar with farm tractors. The papers had been full of them, for in a world demanding ever more foodstuffs tractors were news. Motorized farming was prophesied as a remote possibility. After church and in Red Cross workrooms, in cantonments and in munitions plants, people told their friends how they had seen a tractor at work in a field the other day. And their friends listened, for everybody rejoiced in a new tool that would feed us and our allies. The farmers aided by machinery met the crisis in satisfying fashion, as everyone knows.

Before the World War a few far-western wheat ranches which measured their boundaries in miles harvested and threshed their crops at one operation with a specialized tool called a combine. It was drawn by great teams of horses—twenty or forty animals to a hitch. But the combine was expensive to operate for its



This mechanical cotton duster sprays six rows at a time to combat the destructive boll weevil. It can cover a hundred acres in a single night

short working season because it required feeding too many horses the year around. It was practical only on a giant farm. Other farmers cut and bound their grain with McCormick's machine or one of its successors, and relied on the community threshing machine—famous for its puffing steam tractor and its crew of hungry neighbors—to prepare their small grains for market.

The gasoline tractor opened the way to combines on land which could not support horse-drawn combine farming. The world still cried for wheat five years after the Armistice, so much so that farmers were buying sod-breaking plows which implement makers had not manufactured in quantity for thirty years prior to 1916. Many of the war-torn nations had not yet resumed normal production. Huge areas, such as those of southwestern Kansas and northern Texas, were brought into wheat which the combine now produced at lower costs than were possible to small farmers on older lands. And the beginning of the present-day farm problem was upon us.

If I have so far dealt chiefly with wheat, it is because wheat is

the world's primary food crop. But the application of power to farming touched every other crop. Unsatisfied world demand reflected itself in high prices for all farm products. High prices made the farmer itch to produce just as big a crop as he possibly could. High wages made farm help costly. The new agricultural machines made possible larger crops and fewer hired men. So the farmer bought, put his new tools to work, and eventually developed a productive capacity that glutted the markets, broke prices, and unmercifully collapsed his income.

While agricultural machinery was thus creating the farm problem, it was having an equally important effect on another economic sector. It is a basic principle that there will always be upon the land enough manpower to produce under normal conditions crops to support the population. Only the surplus manpower is available for trade, industry, and other supplementary occupations.

Well, you see what happened. The labor-saving farm machines released great numbers of men from the land. Census figures disclose that millions of Americans (Continued on page 54)



Harvesting and threshing wheat by means of a horse drawn combine, a great improvement over primitive methods, but slow, inefficient and costly by the standard of the mechanized implements of today



The Captains of Cumberland and New Orleans greet Judge Landis and National Commander Hayes. At right, Russell Cook, who bossed the series. In rear, Past National Commander Howard P. Savage, cup donor

SPORTSMEN

*VICTORY And Defeat Are
Not Everything in the
Legion's Little World Series*

All!

THERE is plenty of drama left in amateur baseball. Don't let anyone tell you that the only games worth watching now are the major league contests, in which titans of the pitching box and prima donnas of the bat keep alive the glamor which belonged to the game in the days of Ty Cobb and Christy Mathewson, Larry Lajoie and Honus Wagner. No sir, to see a good baseball game today, you don't have to follow up the New York Yankees, with Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, or hunt to their lairs such teams as the Detroit Tigers, starring Schoolboy Rowe.

Suppose you had gone to Tahiti or Timbuctoo after you took off your uniform in 1919, and suppose you had hopped in an airplane straight for Chicago on landing back in this country at the tail end of last August. Then, supposing further, you had plopped yourself down in a seat at Comiskey Park on August 20th, all set to see what the White Sox could do to entertain you in this year of 1934. Remember, you hadn't seen any baseball for more than fifteen years.

Well, on that third day from the end of August

you'd have been amazed. You wouldn't have seen the White Sox at all. You would have seen, instead, an American Legion boys' team from Cumberland, Maryland, and an American Legion boys' team from New Orleans, Louisiana, playing for the championship of the United States.

What a game! Cumberland started out like a steam roller, methodically piling up four runs by the seventh inning while New Orleans was getting only one. In that seventh inning New Orleans drove in four more runs. The final score—5 to 4.

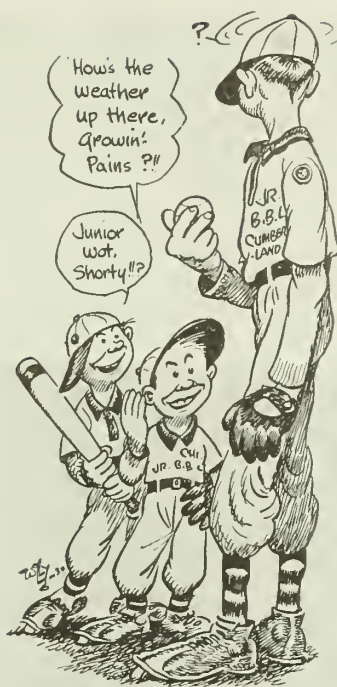
None of the players older than seventeen! These two teams had come to the top in competition with thousands of other American Legion teams in city, state, regional and sectional games covering the whole country. Cumberland had won the Eastern Sectional Finals held in Gastonia, North Carolina, a week or so earlier, at the same time New Orleans was winning the Western Sectional Finals held at Topeka, Kansas. Other Regional winners in the East had been Tampa, Florida, Cincinnati, Ohio, Trenton, New Jersey, Springfield, Massa-



chusetts, and Charlotte, North Carolina. The other Western Regional winners had been Seattle, Washington, Oakland, California, Neligh, Nebraska, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Wichita, Kansas. You found out this and a lot more about The American Legion's Junior Baseball Program for 1934 and—stranger in your own land, as you were—you rightfully concluded that amateur baseball in the year 1934 had gone a long way since you saw it last, in the days before the war.

That first game made you a Legion Junior Baseball fan. So you were in the stand on the following day when the teams met again, but this time the stand was at Wrigley Field, the home ground of the Chicago Cubs. You had been a bit late in arriving the day before, so you missed the opening ceremonies, at which National Commander Edward A. Hayes pitched the first ball. Now, at the new field, most of those ceremonies were repeated.

Thousands of Chicago school children in the stands with you cheered as an American Legion drum corps marched in a parade along with Legion dignitaries and guests, Boy Scout bands and drum corps, other musical organizations of the Sons of The American Legion, and, of course, the members of the two teams. Then the flag was raised to the top of the mighty flagpole in center field. After this, a voice boomed from the field's loud speaker. Paul H. Griffith of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, chairman of the Legion's National



final game. And New Orleans got the P. K. Wrigley Trophy as national runner-up. Russell Cook, director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, the fellow who runs the junior baseball program each year, presented to Charles Gilbert, captain of the New Orleans team, the Schumann-Heink Trophy, in recognition of his outstanding sportsmanship during the series.

Director Cook was mightily pleased with this year's series. More than 17,000 boys and girls attended the three games. Present also was Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's High Commissioner. National League Umpire Sears bossed the games at Comiskey Park, and American League Umpire Hildebrand ran the show at Wrigley Park. Detected in the stands and on the sidelines were the Sherlocks of major league baseball—the scouts who travel about the country looking for likely amateurs to sign up for their teams. Stars of both the New Orleans and Cumberland outfits were appraised and approached. Perhaps the scouts hoped to find among them another Schoolboy Rowe, the marvel pitcher for Detroit who celebrated his baseball debut this season by winning sixteen straight games.

Don't let anybody tell you that baseball is dying at the roots. It is true that golf and tennis and football and basketball each year enlarge the number of their juvenile followers, but that simply means that more boys are going in for sports. It doesn't



Maybe you know one of them! They're some of the sixty boys from twelve States who took part in the Legion's Second National Model Airplane Contest at Indianapolis

Americanism Commission, asked everybody to stand up and repeat with him the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Have you ever heard that pledge repeated in unison by 15,000 boys and girls?

And that second game! Wally Hoewat, Cumberland left fielder, singled to center with the bases filled in the thirteenth inning, and Cumberland won 4 to 3. A game apiece. You had to see the third game, of course.

Well, that third game, played again back in Comiskey Park, gave Ronald Triplett a chance to be a hero. He pitched for Cumberland, and that day he weighed 190 pounds and stood 6 feet and three inches tall. With plenty of speed and a lightning-like curve, he mowed down the batters from New Orleans. Nine strikeouts he made and he gave but three hits. Cumberland won 6 to 1.

With the victory, Cumberland got the Howard P. Savage Junior Baseball Trophy from the hands of Past National Commander Savage himself, as the crowd sat and watched after that

mean that they are making a wallflower out of baseball. Russell Cook's statistics show an estimated half million boys playing each of the last several years on the Legion-sponsored teams.

One difficulty in keeping filled the ranks of junior players is the lack of good playing fields. Corner lots are getting scarce. Alert cities have provided diamonds in parks and playgrounds. As lack of adequate playing space has grown acute in some places, boys and grown-ups too have started playing miniature baseball, kittenball, sockball or call it what you will. That is an encouraging evidence that the baseball instinct will survive even against obstacles.

We're still an outdoor race. Little Bobby Benson may catch the just-before-dinner radio listeners and a new film with Joe Brown or Harold Lloyd may draw heavily from the after-school customers. But, given a chance, every American boy still longs to make a home run with the bases full.

Model Airplane Contest

W E OLD folks who consider ourselves pretty good when we can tell the difference between a monoplane and a biplane are likely to be a bit dismayed as we contemplate the variety of

flying machines which were displayed and flown at Indianapolis on August 25th and 26th in The American Legion's second annual national model airplane contest.

Did you ever hear of a rotor plane, a vacuplane or a helicopter? The boys of the United States, apparently, are as familiar with them as their fathers once were with White Steamers, Ramblers, one-lung Cadillacs and antediluvian Fords in the days when automobiles were still playthings.

Sixty boys, representing twelve States, entered the Legion's competition this year, which was in charge of Weir Cook, director of the Legion's National Aeronautics Commission. Vernon Boehle of Indianapolis won the outdoor commercial duration flight, with time of 23 minutes and five seconds. Robert Huddleston of Indianapolis won the outdoor tractor duration flight. His time was 16 minutes, 23 seconds. Twenty-five planes were entered in speed contests, and Kenneth Ernst won with a model which flew 200 feet in 3 seconds. William Griswold of Chicago won first prize for a model built exactly to scale, color and specifications. He reproduced in miniature an army fighting plane, the Boeing P-12-c.

Armistice Tableau

EACH year Scarsdale (New York) Post during its Armistice Day dance observes a moment of silence in honor of the departed. Last year when the lights were turned off at exactly 11 o'clock, as the music stopped and as a bugler sounded attention, Legionnaires and their guests stopped dancing, looked into the darkness.

Immediately, dim lights shone out from a double doorway, previously closed, now open. Framed against hangings of black velvet, dancers saw a tableau typifying the spirit of Armistice Day—a soldier at present arms standing beside a grave, a gold star glowing in mid-air. Taps sounded in the distance.

"There was absolute silence," writes Past Commander Walter G. (Pop) Roeder. "Then, a few feminine sobs. A few masculine coughs. The last note of Taps, and the tableau lights faded in unison. Doors were closed quietly and as the house lights flashed back on handkerchiefs were fumbled out of sight. The music began again, the dancers swung into motion."

Mr. Roeder, ex-sergeant of the 58th C. A. C., now a New York

artist, staged and directed the tableau. Thomas Flanagan, ex-Marine, now a builder, rigged the props and posed as the soldier. Harold Costain, ex-gob aboard the *Leviathan*, now an international prize-winning photographer, was the bugler. Later Mr. Costain restaged the tableau to make the photo shown on this page. It may inspire other posts to create tableaux.

Legion Bull's-eyes

FRANK J. SCHNELLER, Past Commander of the Wisconsin Department and National Marksmanship Director for several years, took on several sideline jobs this year in his own State. He served as chairman of the committees on education of orphans, CMTC and child safety, won two trophies for his post and signed up personally twenty-one new members. All of which lends emphasis to the fact that Mr. Schneller succeeded also in making this year's Legion rifle activities about the best yet reported. He sends along word of two new high marks in Legion shooting.

At Camp Perry in September The American Legion team shooting in the Fidac international contest set a new world record of 1964 bull's-eyes out of a possible 2000. This score was regarded as certain to give the Legion its fifth consecutive Fidac championship. Clarence R. Ripley of Dennison, Ohio, captained the Legion's Fidac team and eight of the other ten members were also Ohioans. Webb Stump of Denison, Iowa, shot a perfect score of 200, repeating the achievement he



This tableau, depicting the spirit of Armistice Day, was glimpsed through the darkness in the "moment of silence" by dancers at Scarsdale (New York) Post's Annual Armistice Ball

made in 1933. It is getting to be a habit with this fellow.

By the irony of chance, Legionnaire Thurman Randle of Dallas, Texas, who has been a stalwart of the Fidac team in other years, failed by the narrowest of margins to win a place on it this year. This after he had hung up at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, a few weeks earlier, a phenomenal score—a world's record—in the Swiss small-bore match of the National Rifle Association. In this event, he shot 196 consecutive bull's-eyes at 200 yards, a feat that called for supreme nerve and endurance as well as marksmanship. He fired for two hours and seventeen minutes and he didn't get off the bull's-eye until his 197th shot. He has been elected captain of the 1935 Fidac team.



Legionnaire Thurman Randle of Dallas, Texas, long a wheelhorse of the Legion's Fidac rifle team, registers how it feels to make a world's record—196 bull's-eyes out of 200 possible at 200 yards

Mr. Schneller reports all but four Legion Departments now have marksmanship committees and thirty-one took part in the national contests. Portland (Oregon) Post won the Paul V. McNutt Trophy in the national postal matches. Legionnaires won seven of the general matches at Camp Perry. The first national match between the five-man teams of each Department was won by William J. Linehan Post of Dennison, Ohio, with a score of 986 out of a possible 1000.

Junior rifle teams are going strong, Mr. Schneller adds. The team of Youngstown (Ohio) Post won the national junior match for the fifth straight year, with a score six short of a possible 1000. Clausen-Worden Post of Mason City, Iowa, enrolled 48 boys and 42 girls in the marksmanship class it conducted.

When the Morro Castle Burned

FROM Sandy Hook to Cape May stretches New Jersey's Riviera—almost 150 miles of seacoast edged with gently-sloping white sand, spaced by dozens of the world's finest bathing beaches and proud ocean resorts. The New Jersey Department of The American Legion, which in other years has held its annual conventions at Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Cape May, on this famous shore, this year assembled at Belmar, from whose promenades could be seen at almost any hour great liners plowing the ocean highway between New York and the West Indies and South America.

Saturday September 8th was to have been the convention's gala day—with musical and drill competitions in the afternoon, parade in the evening, grand ball at night. The competitions, parade and ball were not held. Nature changed the program. She ushered out Friday with a driving northeaster, and in the rain and wind and darkness of early Saturday morning a glare lit the horizon. Outlined in flames seven miles off shore was the Ward Liner *Morro Castle*.

The New Jersey Legionnaires woke in their hotels, helplessly saw the *Morro Castle* burning unchecked, knew they could not help those still on board, trusted they would be saved by the other

craft which were now looming in the murk. Quickly the Legionnaires got ready to help the survivors. C. Richard Allen, new Department Commander, took charge with Samuel Spingarn, retiring Commander, and Department Adjutant Roland F. Cowan. A call was issued for Legion volunteers. It was answered immediately by bands and drum corps in their competition uniforms, by hundreds of individual Legionnaires.

In all 1,000 Legionnaires responded, were assigned to shore towns where survivors were coming ashore, where bodies were drifting in to the beaches. The Legionnaires manned relief stations, patroled beaches to keep back the morbidly curious, served as traffic police on the crowded highways, loaded and unloaded ambulances, carried stretchers, tugged at oxygen tanks. Others drove miles for blankets and cots. Legionnaire doctors and nurses helped exhausted survivors. Legion chaplains ministered to the dying. There was a call for someone to administer last rites and a Legionnaire priest responded. The Essex County Forty and Eight ambulance and Legion ambulances from Tom's River, Beach Haven and Asbury Park carried dozens of survivors from beaches to hospitals. Legionnaires in their own automobiles took less seriously injured to private homes for rest and warmth. The work went on all that day and into the night.

The New Jersey State Legislature adopted a resolution of thanks to The American Legion for its work. Survivors expressed their gratitude.



Wheel Chairs for the Disabled

UP TOWARD Verdun, while the A. E. F. was driving its way through the Meuse-Argonne, hundreds of American nurses toiled night and day in the dressing stations and field hospitals. They wore their army nurse uniforms then. Today, in all parts of the United States, many of the 20,000 wartime nurses are again wearing uniforms, the uniforms of their own posts of The American Legion. And they are doing today for the disabled World War service men much the same sort of work they did in France. Not only in veterans hospitals, (Continued on page 62)

RINGING DOWN *the* CURTAIN



While not making claim to having fired the last shot in the war, the above-pictured outfit, Battery B, 135th Field Artillery, 37th Division, can contend that its last shell went over the enemy lines after the eleven o'clock deadline

MORE than a half-million O. D.-clad actors of the A. E. F. occupied footlight positions on their particular sections of the Western Front stage when the four-year-long tragedy, "The World War," reached its final curtain. Another half-million O. D.-clad actors had played their parts in this final act of the drama or stood ready, upon call, to assume the roles of their front-line comrades. Still another four million men in the home camps and in the A. E. F. backed up the fellows in the glare of the footlights.

The Meuse-Argonne Offensive which started on September 26, 1918, during the course of which a million, two hundred thousand American soldiers were actively engaged, was the last act of the drama—admittedly the major stroke which spelled success for the Allies and prevented the war from continuing into another year. To all of us, whether in the front lines, in the rear areas, in home camps or on the high seas—wherever duty called us—that eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 will always stand foremost in our memories.

It has been established officially that the A. E. F. unit which fired the first gun on the Western Front when our country took its place alongside of its allies was Battery C of the Sixth Regiment of Field Artillery, First Division. This historic event took place

THE final curtain of the World War went down with a bang, but which A. E. F. outfit fired the last shot will never be known

near Bathélemont on October 23, 1917. It will never be established officially which American unit had the distinction of firing the final gun for the A. E. F. on November 11, 1918. Here is one reason for such failure, quoted from such an official source as General

Pershing's story, "My Experiences in the World War":

"As the conference between Marshal Foch and the German delegates proceeded, and in anticipation of advices regarding the Armistice, telephone lines were kept constantly open between my headquarters and those of the First and Second Armies. When word came to me at 6:00 A. M. that hostilities would cease at 11:00 A. M., directions to that effect were immediately sent to our armies. Our troops had been advancing rapidly during the preceding two days and although every effort was made to reach them promptly a few could not be overtaken at the prescribed hour."

FROM the foregoing it can be seen that final shots were sent toward the enemy lines even after the curtain had been officially rung down. The artillery gun crew pictured above might conceivably be among those who, as it were, sent a shell or two through that curtain. Harry W. Carter of 4228 Caroline Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, member of McCune Post, took the snap-

shot which is reproduced and submits this interesting report: "During the World War I took about two hundred pictures that follow the activities of my outfit, the 135th Field Artillery of the 37th Division. I am enclosing one of my prints and can report this about it:

"Daybreak of a cold, rain-soaked November day in 1918 found the guns of Batteries A, B and C of our regiment on the brow of a hill near Thiaucourt, in the St. Mihiel sector, firing a barrage of high explosive shells in the direction of Metz. At about 8:15 that morning we received orders to cease firing for a change of data and a change to gas shells.

"The third gun crew of Battery B had just received orders to load the first gas shell when this snapshot was taken, and a few seconds later was giving Fritzies hell. For the last time, at about 10:30 A. M., a runner brought orders to cease firing at eleven o'clock as an Armistice had been signed. Our guns pounded away until the eleventh hour and at the last minute a shell became lodged in this third gun and was leaking gas.

"The ramrod would not budge the shell so a charge was put into the gun and it was fired with a long lanyard, with the crew behind trees. The leaking projectile was dispatched and it was after eleven o'clock. How long after, no one seems to know but the fact remains that these boys fired one of the last shots of the war on the Western Front.

"The crew in the picture from left to right are: Private Harry Mills, Sergeant Frank Clemens, Private Bill West, Corporal Roy (Red) Crandall, and Privates Kirkbride, Frank Brodrick and Chet Henderson."

WHEN this issue of the Monthly reaches you the last echoes of the national convention and of numerous outfit reunions will be dying away in Miami, Florida. Perhaps you joined in the annual celebration. Among the most important

of the "side shows" to the big show of the Legion convention was the annual meeting and reunion of The National Organization of American Legion Nurses. The society, composed of nurses who are active Legionnaires, received the official recognition of the Legion at the Chicago convention in 1933.

Those women who did such a splendid job during the war are still in service and in many instances are better Legionnaires than the men are. More power to 'em! We are always glad to welcome

more of these women comrades to our "Then and Now Gang" and are proud now to introduce Miss Sue G. Gallagher, Publicity Officer of Ragan-Lide Post of the Legion, 51 West Warren Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. The picture below shows some of the nurses, officers and enlisted personnel of Base Hospital No. 36. We'll let Comrade Gallagher tell you about it:

"The enclosed snapshot shows members of Base Hospital No. 36 in the Memorial Day parade in Vittel, France, in 1918. Base Hospital No. 36 was a Detroit unit and many of the nurses shown in the picture are now members of Ragan-Lide Post (a woman's post) of Detroit, while the men organized Vittel Post, also of this city.

"Ragan-Lide Post is named in memory of two nurses who died in France and last May celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of its organization.

"There were many appreciative comments on the article devoted to women veterans in the April Monthly. Personally, I would like to see some space given to us regularly—perhaps not every month but just often enough to keep our readers informed that we are *veterans* and Legionnaires. It is surprising how many people, veterans included, look askance at any woman who claims to be a World War veteran. It is not generally known that there were over 30,000 women in voluntary service during the war.

"In addition to being the Publicity Officer of my post I have the honor of being the Department delegate on the Legion's



Above we have a snapshot showing some of the nurses, officers and enlisted personnel of Base Hospital No. 36 of Detroit parading in Vittel, France, in the observance on Memorial Day, 1918



Hastily, but thoroughly constructed camps and cantonments notwithstanding, one outfit on this side had to throw up the above-pictured improvised shelter. It was Company D, 10th Ammunition Train, and the shack was erected while the company was convoying automotive equipment out of Alma, Michigan, in October, 1918

National Rehabilitation Committee. Also I have served many times as delegate to Department and National Conventions."

REFERENCE to "A History of United States Army Base Hospital No. 36" in our library discloses the fact that organization of that unit got under way within a short time after war was declared on April 6, 1917. The personnel was recruited largely from the faculty, staff, graduates and students of the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery.

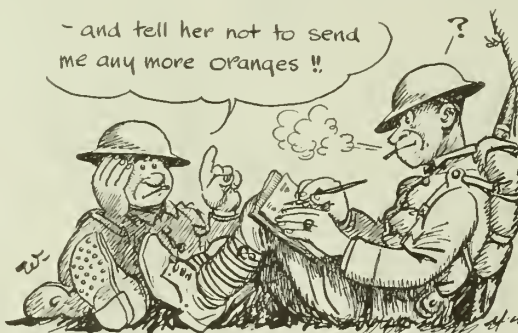
After several months of training, Base Hospital No. 36 reached New York on October 27, 1917, and boarded the *Orduna* where the nurses joined the officers and enlisted personnel. The unit reached Liverpool, England, on November 10th, Le Havre, France, on the 13th and proceeded to Vittel where it arrived on the 17th. The hospital was established in a number of hotels in this French resort town, located about twenty miles southeast of Neufchâteau. It continued in service until the middle of February, 1919. We quote from the account of the Memorial Day, 1918, observance, part of which is shown in the picture Miss Gallagher sent to us:

"Tribute to the memory of the brave lads, American and French, who gave their lives for the cause of the Allies, was rendered fittingly by the Americans in Vittel, May 30th. Our first Memorial Day in France will be remembered as an occasion when the full significance of that great day was deeply felt. Out in the little cemetery beyond the town a monument had been erected to mark the resting place of Jack Yuill, first of the personnel of Base Hospital No. 36 to leave the ranks. The dedication of this monument was an important event in the day's program. Forming on the parade ground at 10 A. M., officers and men of Base Hospitals No. 36 and 23 and of the Graves Registration Unit No. 304, marched to the cemetery where they were joined by the nurses of the two hospitals.

"In the parade were detachments of French poilus and British

Tommies, convalescents, accompanied by British and French officers from the Officers Hospital . . . Following a verse of 'America,' a volley was fired and taps was sounded . . . The graves of all the soldiers, French, American, English and Algerian were decorated by the nurses and three little French girls put on the American graves flowers they had gathered in the fields."

TROOPS on the march overseas soon grew accustomed to bivouacking wherever nightfall found them—whether in an open field, in a woods or, if lucky, in what was left of some French village. But until Legionnaire William A. Barth of 3301 North Fourteenth Street, St. Louis, told us differently, we thought that as late as the fall of 1918 troops on the move on this side were assured of some sort of housing at the end of a journey, usually some camp or cantonment. The picture which Barth loaned to us and which we display shows therefore not a temporary camp "somewhere in France" but one in the State of Michigan. But why tell Barth's story for him? He has the floor:



"In the past years you have been publishing pictures of outfits that served in the World War. I am sending a picture of a mess shack which we built during a short stay in Alma, Michigan. Here's the how of it:

"Company D was one of four companies of the motor battalion of the 10th Ammunition Train. These companies together with many other motorized outfits such as the ambulance corps, the sanitary train, etc., after training at Camp Funston, Kansas, were transferred to the Motor Transport Corps. Some operated out of Alma and Detroit, Michigan, others out of Lima, Ohio, and elsewhere where automotive equipment was manufactured. Our job was to drive the cars, trucks or tractors overland to Camp Holabird, Maryland, which was a huge concentration center for automobiles destined for overseas shipment.

"Our company, together with Companies (Continued on page 63)



“NO DEAR, YOU CAN’T GET BY WITHOUT SHAVING”

“You can’t get by without shaving.” Your wife—your girl—your associates may not tell you this. But that’s what they probably *think* when your face is marred by stubble. For bristles are repulsive to everyone, men and women alike. So how can any man afford to risk the good opinion of others by failing to shave often and well!

Today shaving is not a task. The Gillette “Blue Blade” positively guarantees ease and comfort—even if your skin is tender. In fact—this blade is especially made for men with tender faces — and permits twice-daily shaving, when necessary, without irritation.

The Gillette “Blue Blade” is sharp — amazingly sharp—the smoothest-shaving blade that can be produced. See how its perfectly finished edges—automatically ground, honed and stropped—skim through your beard. Enjoy the benefit of blade-making equipment not equaled anywhere—and inspection methods that eliminate any blade with the slightest flaw.

And when you unwrap your first Gillette “Blue Blade” notice how it is “anchored” in the envelope so the edges reach you undamaged—just as they left the factory. Try this blade on our money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Ask your dealer for Gillette “Blue Blades.”

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Relief This Winter, Law Enforcement, Housing and National Defense
Interest Editors of Publications the Country Over

THE path of the Legion in the immediate future is clearly defined. Neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet is needed to point out that the winter ahead is to be one of the most difficult in the history of the nation.

There is here no thought of spreading a gospel of gloom. Rather there is the desire to remind Legionnaires that they will have the finest opportunity to exhibit that love of country so clearly expressed in the preamble to the constitution of the Legion.

Despite the heroic efforts of the recovery agencies, those who are planning the conduct of their programs during the winter frankly speak of increased numbers on the relief rolls. Such planning following the long dreary months of economic misery since the year 1929, indicates the necessity for concerted effort towards improvement.

Even the years 1917-18 produced no more compelling reasons for displaying practical Americanism than do the months ahead. Post officials with an adequate sense of citizenship can do no finer thing than commit their year's administration to a program of helpfulness to the constituted authorities.

All posts should inventory their own resources in manpower and material in the light of conditions existing in their own communities. They should learn where the Legion's strength can be most helpful in those communities; and then lend all the strength of the organization of the Legion to the task of upholding, bolstering the morale of our less fortunate. The opportunity is there. No group has a greater right, a greater duty, to do just that than has the Legion.—*West Virginia Legionnaire*.

"TO MAINTAIN LAW AND ORDER"

IT TAKES an aroused citizenship to enforce the law. It is well to furnish our officers with the latest equipment, but if we leave it entirely up to them we will still have gangsters. We have just the type of law enforcement we want. If our sheriff arrests men for crimes committed and does his best to produce the necessary evidence to convict them, and the District Attorney does all in his power to convict, yet the jury turns them loose, what more can be done? Or if the jury convicts and the verdict is sustained by the highest court and the man goes to the pen but is turned out by the Governor, not because all the officers and courts erred and an innocent man was incarcerated but because he and his friends had, according to common reports, the stipulated price for a pardon, then what has been accomplished?

It is time to take steps to "Maintain Law and Order" and we believe we are entering that era. It is time to "Uphold and Defend the Constitution of the United States" and we believe that is the conviction of Mr. Aroused Citizen—he is even willing to increase the Army and Navy.

And in speaking of law enforcement, the most effective thing is to remove the root of crime, destroy the soil which produces criminals—ignorance and poverty. Children reared in homes of squalor and want are, in many instances, brought into the world

with criminal tendencies, and in surroundings which instill criminal thought into them from the beginning.—*Amarillo (Texas) Legionnaire*.

BACK THE HOUSING PROGRAM

NO CIVIC or patriotic organization in Alabama is more enthusiastically behind the Federal Housing Administration's Better Housing Program than The American Legion. The Commander, the Executive Committee and other leaders in the Department have assured the government agencies in charge of the gigantic program of their hearty and active support in this State.

The Legion realizes that the quickest way to get re-employment in private enterprise is through making property repairs and improvements. About one-third of the workers whose families now are on the relief rolls are normally employed in the building industry, and many others in factories, transportation and other fields are indirectly dependent upon the industry for a livelihood.

About 65 cents of every dollar spent for modernizing goes direct to labor and most of this money is immediately put back into the channels of retail trade. For every building tradesman put to work, the FHA estimates that on the average a family of four can be taken off the relief rolls. With winter coming a modernization program will help materially to relieve distress among the unemployed.

The making of needed repairs not only benefits a property and increases its usefulness and value, but generally improves the beauty and appearance of a city or town. A modernization campaign is a worthwhile civic enterprise which appeals to all who are interested in improving the condition of their community.—*Alabama Legionnaire*.

ALL SHOULD SUPPORT UNIVERSAL DRAFT

THE AMERICAN LEGION has been charged by some interests with being militaristic. That nothing is farther from the truth is apparent to all fair-minded people who consider the activities of the organization in the past.

The American Legion is solidly behind a program of adequate national defense. Its members carried the brunt of the last war! Therefore, who knows better the needs of the country than this organization?

During the next Congress The American Legion will marshal its full strength to support the enactment of a universal draft law which has been endorsed by this organization. If passed and approved it will be a long step in the move for peace. This program presents an opportunity for all interests to unite in the common cause for peace. It answers once and for all time the charge that The American Legion is militaristic. Take the profit out of war and you inevitably destroy the incentive for war.—*Idaho Legionnaire*.

Femmes and Francs

(Continued from page 15)

Pierre is like a shark. So furious! So mad with the jealousy! He will kill my lieutenant . . . I hear him say it many times."

"Well, well," Wheat muttered.

"Tonight my poor lieutenant come to see me. He find his captain here. He fear to enter, but he will wait there for me."

Sullivan interrupted. "Did you see Lieutenant Munn in the garden, Pierre?"

"Non, non!"

"When'd you snatch up the captain's gun, fellow?" Sullivan demanded.

Pierre scowled.

"After I show the captain his room and return to the kitchen," Yvonne cried, "I see Pierre then with something under the coat. I do not know what it is! But, alas, I know now!"

The corporal was searching Pierre's pockets. Along with other things, he pulled a long Spanish comb. Yvonne snatched it.

"It is mine!" she cried. "Oh, oh . . ." She burst into tears again . . . "My lieutenant, he gives me this . . ."

"Funny how big fools some men can be," Sullivan said. "You could of spoke up sooner tonight, young lady."

"I dare not, till m'sieur the corporal has the weapon in his hands!"

"Set down, too," Sullivan bade Pierre. "I knew Munn was beating your time, but if you hadn't all of a sudden gone so polite on us 'bout the wood, I'd not have guessed where you hid the gat."

"But why would he kill Flandreau?" Wheat demanded. "He wasn't jealous of Flandreau!"

Pierre leaped up.

"I do not kill M'sieur Flandreau . . ."

"Oh, no?" Sullivan lighted a cigarette.

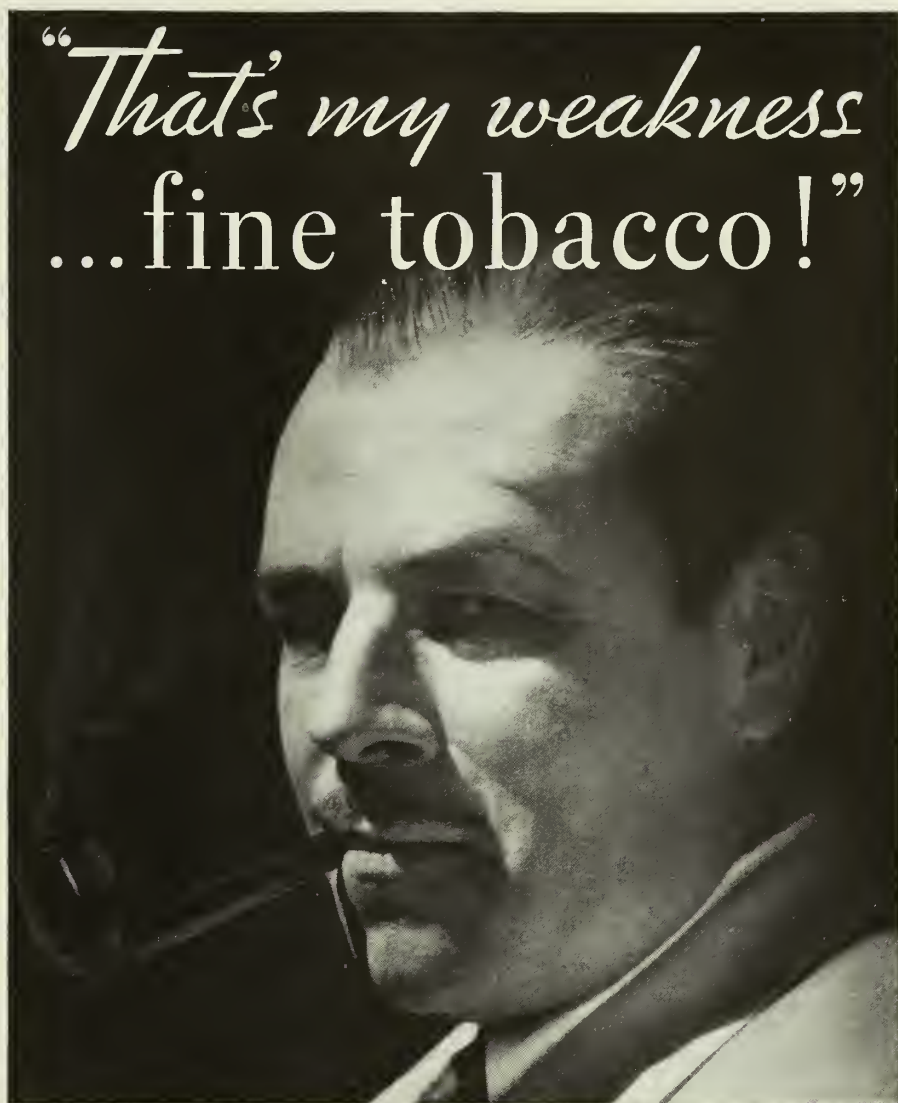
"I do not! I swear it, swear it!"

"Not even for his bocoo francs? You kill Munn for a femme, why not Flandreau for money? If it ain't femmes, it's . . ."

Hlaska stepped nearer. "You damned dirty frog!" he growled. He struck Pierre with his fist.

(Continued on page 40)

CANCER is largely a disease of middle age. In recent years an increasing number of Americans have died of this disease, which in its early stages can be cured. The Veterans Bureau operates special cancer clinics in some of its hospitals, where ex-service men who are unable to pay may be given treatment free. Information may be obtained from the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Literature dealing with cancer may be obtained from the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York City.



JACK HOLT . . . noted Columbia Pictures star

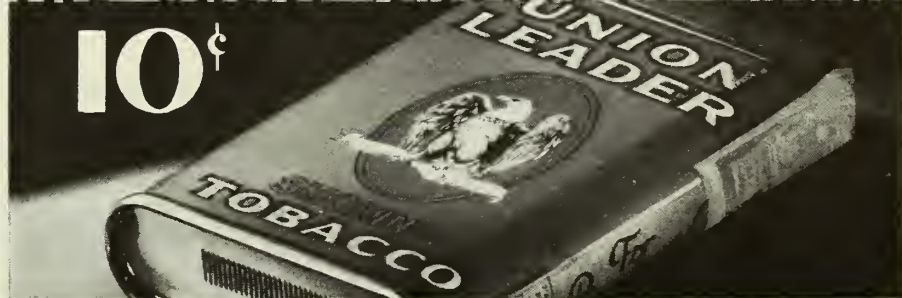
YOU'VE read about the hobbies of movie actors. Well, my hobby happens to be fine tobaccos. And I guess I've tried them all, including the most costly of the imported brands. But for steady, day-after-day smoking I've found that the

mellow, sun-ripened Kentucky Burley in Union Leader is the most satisfying. It never has the slightest bite, nor ever makes my pipe strong. Yet is as rich in flavor and in fragrance as old wine. (Have you tried Union Leader in cigarettes, Mr. Holt?)

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UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



Femmes and Francs

(Continued from page 39)

"Hi!" Sullivan cried. "None of that."

"In your place, Hlaska," Captain Wheat ordered.

Pierre was on his knees. "I swear it, I no . . ."

"Will you call the gendarmes, sir?" Sullivan asked Wheat. "Post at Domfront's nearest. You, Perthe, keep an eye on this fellow a minute." The corporal went to his suitcase and from it brought handcuffs.

Pierre begged, "Please, I no kill M'sieur Flandreau . . ."

"I'll find out soon enough," Sullivan answered.

Wheat returned from the telephone.

"Line's out of order," he said. "Somebody'll have to ride over. One of my men can."

SULLIVAN was putting the handcuffs on Pierre. "Your men . . . I tell you, get away, madame . . ." he pushed the weeping Madame Banc away again . . . "your men are going with me, Captain," he said, "and everybody else, too. Going to have a look at that castle."

"Flandreau's?" Wheat exclaimed. "Away up there?"

"Trouble started 'way up there, didn't it?" Sullivan asked. He jerked Pierre to his feet. "Stand up. You're going to take a promenade avec. Compree?"

They started at once, only Yvonne and Madame Banc remaining at the inn. Perthe, still nervous as a cat, and Hlaska, sleepy, looking even more untidy in the morning light, set off ahead. Pierre came next, his wooden shoes clattering, with Sullivan directly behind him, and Wheat, puffing, at the rear. Already the sun was breaking up fog banks on the ridges; from the deep, shaded valley below the town small clouds of vapor were rising.

"We can take a short cut down across the valley and go past the camp," Perthe suggested. "It's nearer that way." He added quickly: "Not that I ever was up at the castle, understand. I just know it's closer from the lay of the land."

Sullivan grunted, "I get what you're driving at. Go on."

At the edge of the village the path dipped sharply to the valley floor, where a small stream ran quietly through a muddy bottom, and a log, well scuffed by hobnails, served as a bridge. This was the path, Sullivan determined, Munn claimed to have taken last evening returning to camp; it was here, he said, someone had passed him, and running on this log, had fallen into the mud.

Wheat caught up with the others while they were crossing and looked down at the banks.

"Somebody *did* fall in!" he exclaimed, and pointed. "See the footprints? Maybe the lieutenant told the truth about it. What were you doing here, Pierre?"

The boy looked blankly at him. Sullivan stooped and observed the tracks on the edge of the stream.

"Go on," he prodded Pierre. "Wait . . ." he reconsidered. "I'll unhitch one bracelet." He stopped again and unlocked the iron from Pierre's left wrist. "Guess you can't get away," he said.

They started to climb slowly. As they passed the camp, the dogs ran out to bark at them and Sullivan smelled bacon frying in the kitchen. The corporal did not pause, but looking thoughtfully at the camp as he walked past, he saw that its location was high and pleasant under the trees, with dry, sandy soil which made duckboards unnecessary.

"Hell of a hole," Wheat growled, "lonesome as all get out."

"I've seen worse camps," Sullivan answered, and they passed on, out of sight of the barracks and tents, around a clump of trees.

Another quarter mile they followed the road. Where it dipped toward the bottoms, Perthe, who was ahead, halted and waited for the others.

"Don't know exactly how to go from here," he admitted.

"Road leading that way," Hlaska said, and pointed to a narrow track at the left.

"We'll take it," Sullivan decided.

Fifteen minutes later they stood outside the barred gates of the castle. Château Pourquoi perched on an eminence overlooking the entire valley, a sheer cliff dropping away from its front, and a high stone wall surrounding it on the other sides. But Sullivan wasted no time on the view. Instead he gave his undivided attention to the fastenings on the gate.

"Locked up good," Perthe observed.

"Like a Y. W. C. A. dormitory," Sullivan agreed. He stood thoughtfully a minute. "Watch the prisoner?" he asked Captain Wheat.

ALONE, he walked along the wall to a point where an apple tree grew close to it. He examined the lower branches of the tree; fresh wounds seared them from the feet of some recent climber.

"This way," he called to the others, and when they arrived, said, "we're going inside."

Pierre objected.

"I cannot climb, m'sieurs," he pleaded, "I cannot."

Hlaska laughed.

"Can't climb that?" He dug his shoes into the crotch and lifted himself.

"Take off your sabots," Sullivan bade Pierre. With the aid of Wheat and Perthe, he dragged the Frenchman to the top of the wall and let him down inside. "Walk ahead now," he told him.

The castle Pourquoi had been constructed at several periods, so that it ex-

tended now in many directions, in wings that cut the grounds into narrow courtyards, which even at this time of the morning were dark with shadows. The windows were high and narrow, oaken shutters protected the doors.

In a passage on the south side, Sullivan halted and peered down at the flagging. A patch of small brown spots were scattered there, and in a corner against a wall, a stone, as large as a man's fist, bore a similar stain.

"Here's where Flandreau got his first rap," Sullivan decided. He pointed to the ground. "Bloodstains, see? This was what hit him." He turned over the stone with his foot. "Just like he said . . . He wasn't lying . . . He was coming out the door when some yegg came down on him."

An old wine cask stood under a nearby window, and Sullivan started toward it. The others followed, Hlaska just behind him, Perthe behind Hlaska. Captain Wheat, keeping a close watch on Pierre, brought up the rear.

PERTHE halted at the wine cask and climbed up on it. He observed the shuttered window closely, then turned on the Frenchman.

"Ever around here, frog?"

Pierre stammered, "Never!"

"Yea, bo!" Perthe retorted. He told Sullivan, "Somebody's been chipping at this shutter, trying to get in."

But Sullivan had halted in front of the door and was examining it thoughtfully.

"Here, too," he said. "Somebody mighty anxious to see where Flandreau hoarded his francs."

He started back toward Perthe, and Wheat, who had stopped behind him, also turned around. Thus the four men crossed the courtyard together.

In the middle of the flagstone paving, an oblong platform of wooden planks was let into the pavement. Its boards were gray with age and covered with dead brown moss. Sullivan walked toward it, his eyes on the window where Perthe still stood on tiptoe on the wine cask.

Hlaska, stepping quickly to the left, called out, "Careful! Watch your step. That thing's rotten. It tips up when you walk on it. Break your neck!"

Sullivan halted, looked down quickly, and stepped back, but Pierre, not comprehending, planted his foot upon the planks and they gave way under him. The whole rotten structure bent. Its other end lifted. Sullivan caught Pierre by the shoulder and dragged him back.

"Good Lord!" Wheat ejaculated. "Glad you noticed that, Hlaska. Must be a well there! Ought to put a fence around it or somebody'll be killed."

"Nobody's supposed to be in here, remember," Sullivan answered. He had

dropped to his knees and was peering into a crack in the mouldy boards. "That's right," he said. "A well, or most likely a cistern."

The four men passed around it and Perth got down from his cask to make room for Sullivan. The corporal climbed to its top and spent two minutes examining the wide sill of the window. The stone was old. Centuries of rain and ice had worn away its corners. The shutter across the window was deeply inset, and Sullivan must climb up to the sill and wriggle back into the wall to touch it. When he did so, it gave under his fingers and he pulled it out.

"Somebody already had pried it," he called back over his shoulder. "Only it didn't do any good. There's bars inside. Immense, the brotherly love of these frogs. Bars everywhere. Broken bottles on the walls, armor plate at night on butcher shop windows."

He halted and backed cautiously out of the narrow space, then paused and picked up several small yellow grains from the sill. These he held on his palm so long, looking at them, that Wheat demanded:

"What you find?"

"The last link, sir," Sullivan replied. He closed his fist, slid down from the window, and placed his back against the wall. "Guess there's no more to find out."

Wheat glanced at Pierre.

"You can hook him up with both?"

"The guy that killed Flandreau was the one that hit him yesterday evening up here," Sullivan answered. "You told me, when Flandreau saw him in the inn, he yelled, 'You again!' and screamed for help."

"That's right," Wheat agreed.

"Well, we find how somebody *did* hit him up here. Somebody that was trying to break in the castle. Not laying for Flandreau. Just aiming to clamp onto some of the hidden jack, and got caught."

Wheat said, "It sounds reasonable."

"Me . . . never was I here," Pierre pleaded.

"Shut up," Sullivan admonished. "When I want any chin music off you I'll ask for it. Y' got enough to think about to keep you quiet. Sergeant Perth, was you out o' camp last night?"

Perth stared at him. "No, I wasn't," he said finally, "not till captain sent for me."

"You, Hlaska?"

"Told you once," the clerk replied. "I wasn't."

"But somebody falls in the mud," Sullivan said. "Lieutenant Munn is hiding down there by that log when somebody falls off it. No reason to doubt it, I guess."

Perth said huskily, "He wasn't lying?"

"It was hobnails fell off the log. Saw 'em plain as we came up. Besides," Sullivan opened his hand, "I find sawdust here on this window."

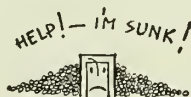
"Sawdust?" Wheat exclaimed.

"Leave me tell you," Sullivan said. "I just got it figured (Continued on page 42)

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AS A DUCK'S BACK.
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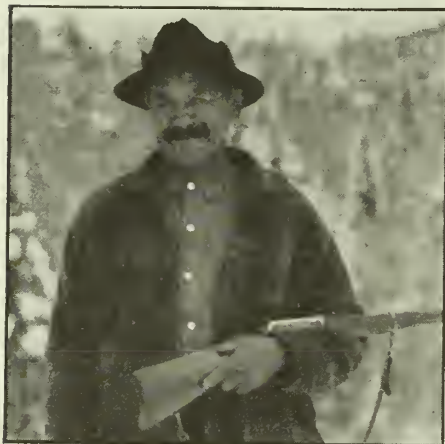
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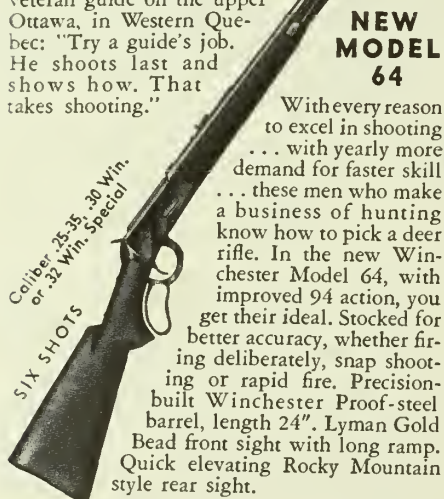
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Femmes and Francs

(Continued from page 41)

out. There's no mud up around your lumber camp. It's too high in the hills. But there is sawdust. Gets into guys' clothes. And gets out of 'em when they scrouge around. So ... here's the sawdust. It all proves up."

Perthe begged in a strained voice, "Go on."

"That's all there is to it. Just now when Hlaska saved our life by pointing out how rotten those boards was, just how they tipped ... why ... he naturally confessed he'd been here before."

"Me?" Hlaska yelled. "Me?"

"Who else?" Sullivan demanded. "You got grains of sawdust in your pocket now. Willing to bet it. At least you've still got dried mud on your shoes where you fell off the log. First thing I noticed last night was that. There you was, standing in dry sand up at your camp with fresh mud on your shoes. I made you wipe 'em before I let you in my car."

Wheat muttered, "Hlaska! My God ... Hlaska!"

"Pierre killed Munn," Sullivan resumed, "and ..."

"And Munn killed Flandreau!" Hlaska cried. "It was him in the court!"

"Yeh. And you in the grog shop. You come in the front door, bent on doin' just what y' did. Y' knew old Flandreau could point you out as the guy trying to break in up here. Y'd hit him and you was afraid he'd squawk. Matter of fact he wouldn't've squawked. He didn't want anybody, government or anybody else, to know he had money hid. You didn't know that, though. So what? What'll you do? Y' have to have a gun ... it came to me right away last night that it had to be an American took the gun."

Hlaska started toward the wall.

"Needn't even try that," Sullivan warned. "I'll keep an eye on you myself. Perthe, take charge of the frog. He had trouble coming in across the wall, remember? Well, Hlaska hadn't any trouble. He come over like a monkey on a stick."

Wheat wiped his forehead.

"So he ... killed ... Flandreau! Then it wasn't the girl at the back of it all ..."

"There's two things behind most troubles, sir," Sullivan said, "one or the other always, so look for them both. In this case it was both. Francs and femmes."

THE END

The Navy and Our National Defense

(Continued from page 9)

of these three great powers an adequate national defense, and an equality of naval power in the areas in which each would be called upon to operate. There have been no changes in the international scene to make defense a matter of less importance than when these agreements were made, or to alter the premises upon which they were based.

Japan has laid down, since the Washington treaty, a total of 153 ships of all kinds from tenders to cruisers, with a total tonnage of 339,554, and is now practically at treaty strength. And yet her compact area could be well protected with a far smaller navy than could our own shores. France, in the meantime, has laid down 150 craft, with a total tonnage of 432,109, and Italy 145, tonnage 295,494. Great Britain has built or is building 151 ships, with 483,299 tonnage. Our figures stand at only 44 ships since 1922, with 204,280 total tonnage.

Great Britain's total of 151 ships laid down since the Washington conference presents an interesting picture of a steady, well-planned, determined effort to maintain an adequate national defense. Here are the classes of those 151 vessels: Battle-ships—2, cruisers (heavy and light)—25, destroyers—54, submarines—26, airplane carriers—1, and all others, including sloops, tenders, depot ships, gunboats, repair ships, survey ships and net layers—43.

Great Britain now lacks for full treaty strength 211,811 tons—less than half of what we lack, which is 435,000 tons, and Japan lacks only 77,595 tons. The total effective modern tonnage now built gives Great Britain a ratio of 13.6 to our 10. Japan comes up to 9.6—almost on a par with us.

With this situation in mind, we come again to the Vinson Act. It authorizes the President to undertake, prior to December 31, 1936, or as soon as he deems advisable, the building of vessels of modern design and construction and for replacing old ships. It directs the Secretary of the Navy to submit annually to the Director of the Budget estimates for the construction of such vessels and aircraft and authorizes the appropriation of funds as may be necessary.

The very heart of this Act, and the reason for its tremendous importance in future naval defense, is that it provides for a sensible program of modernization of naval craft. Replacements would go forward in an orderly manner, on definite annual schedules. Such a program permits a stability to industry concerned in the construction work. Ships would be replaced when they reach over-age, and instead of finding ourselves with a Navy filled with worn-out ships we would keep within constant sight of an adequate strength in modern ships and equipment.

Not the least important item in this plan is the spreading of the cost, instead of bunching it after years of neglect. Under the Vinson Act, the old plan of placing the needs of the Navy piecemeal before Congress and hoping that in the rush of business the Navy would be taken care of, is replaced by a comprehensive program, submitted to Congress through the budget, which includes the total of the Navy's financial needs expressed in terms of ships, aircraft, personnel, material, and equipment.

President Roosevelt designated \$238,-000,000 of Public Works Administration funds in 1933 for naval construction, and under this allotment thirty-two vessels were provided for: Two aircraft carriers, four 10,000-ton cruisers, twenty destroyers, four submarines and two gunboats.

No appropriations were made by the last Congress specifically to underwrite the Vinson Act, but upon passage of this Act the President promptly made a second allotment from Public Works Administration funds, under which fourteen destroyers and six submarines will be laid down.

Included in the program now under way, under the regular naval appropriations, are the aircraft carrier *Ranger*, completed in June; four heavy cruisers, two of which were completed in June, a third to be completed this fall and the fourth in January, 1936; one light cruiser to be completed in December, 1936; two submarines, completed in 1934; and twelve destroyers, two of which have been completed.

In addition to the foregoing, a program has been prepared in our Department for the annual replacement of ships which will bring the Navy to treaty strength in 1942 and maintain it thereafter at that strength.

If the program can receive the public support it deserves, we should be able to build up our Navy to treaty strength in new and replaced ships by 1942, and to progress from that time on with a regular schedule of about fifteen to twenty ships of the classes that may be needed.

According to a provision of the Vinson Act, half the construction of Navy vessels is to be done by United States Navy Yards and half by private ship-building concerns. Our principal yards doing primarily construction work are at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston, South Carolina. Our yards doing primarily repair work, the "fleet overhaul" yards, are at Puget Sound, Washington; Mare Island, California; Norfolk, Virginia; New York.

The importance of an adequate merchant marine as a part of our sea power cannot be overlooked. It is the policy of our country, as expressed in the Merchant Marine Laws of 1920 and 1928, that our Government should assist in sustaining a merchant marine capable of carrying one-half the sea commerce of the United States. We are far short of that today. It is imperative that our merchant marine be built up and maintained, not only to carry our commerce (*Continued on page 44*)



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Navy and Defense

(Continued from page 43)

in overseas trade, but to support the efforts of our Navy in case of war. At the present time we have very few merchant vessels that are suitable for naval support in an emergency. We should initiate a merchant-marine building program which will give us modern ships suitable for use with the Navy if the occasion demands.

"Men fight, not ships," said Lord Fisher, of the British Admiralty, and his statement has become a classic. Ships are no good without personnel. And here must be recorded one of the weak links in our present chain of naval defense. The Navy is short of enlisted men. Not because it can't enlist them—plenty of young men would make worthwhile additions to our Navy—but we can't pay for them.

Our authorized enlisted strength is 137,000 men. But Congress authorized appropriations for only 82,500 during this year. We were down to 79,700 in 1933—a dangerously low figure. Next year we hope for 88,000 men. But these reduced figures mean that the ships that fly the colors of the United States Navy are twenty percent undermanned. This makes for lowered morale and efficiency. The Navy is supposed to be "ready at all times"—equipped for immediate combat. But it can never be ready until the enlisted personnel is strong enough to man the fighting ships.

Given a program of building and replacing of ships and aircraft, and sufficient personnel to make them effective, the United States Navy may consider itself equipped to live up to its proud motto of being the first line of national defense. Is it worth it? The answer is that the United States Navy is a national insurance worth all it costs even if no emergencies arise to disturb the future.

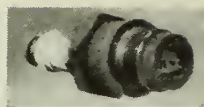
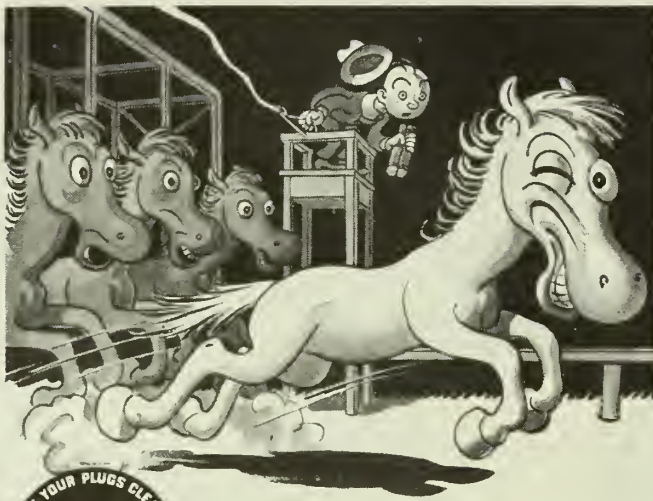
And what of the Navy as a great national peace-time asset? A recital of the duties which fall to our Department would fill many pages. In justice to the service we should note just a few.

The United States Navy has given the world a century of knight errantry as humanitarian agent. In 1832 vessels of the Navy went to the relief of famine-stricken inhabitants of the Loo-Choo Islands. Fifteen years later the American Navy performed similar services during the great famine in Ireland. And humanitarian work has been going on ever since.

Rescue work has written some of the brightest pages in our book of service. An airplane comes down in mid-ocean and American naval vessels converge on the spot to rescue a life or two.

It is an acknowledged fact that the Navy's errands of mercy have saved more lives than all its guns have ever destroyed.

Quite recently the papers gave much space to the part played by the Navy in sending medical aid to a prominent citizen stranded on a far-away uninhabited island in the Pacific, and some queries have been raised as to whether the Navy was used



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FLY, WITH THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE

"Eagles of Victory," they were called by General Gouraud . . . that little band of Americans whose inborn sense of right led them to volunteer for the most hazardous service.

There was William Thaw, the first to enlist in the Air Corps . . . the corps d'elite of the French Army. Following his lead came Raoul Lufbery, Victor Chapman, Price, McConnell and Bert Hall. Even today, their names conjure up mighty deeds of valor.

Kiffin Rockwell it was who said, "If France were conquered, I should prefer to die."

France was not conquered. But Rockwell, an explosive bullet in his heart, plunged from a dizzy height to crash just two miles from the point where he first tasted the heady wine of victory.

The story of the Lafayette Escadrille is an epic of valor . . . a story of men who sent their frail craft hurtling through the skies, diving, twisting, turning . . . engaging the enemy in mortal combat without counting the cost or reckoning the odds.

You will find this story as it is told in the Source Records of the Great War more absorbing, more interesting than any fiction you have ever read. And it is all true, every word of it. The Source Records were written by men who themselves made history, by combatants and non-combatants, by statesmen, diplomats and industrialists, by official observers and secret government agents. The war as they saw it.

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With all the propaganda and misinformation being circulated about the war, it is most fitting that the Source Records are owned and published by The American Legion. And now, the publication of the new Service Edition, priced at a fraction of its former cost, places this monumental, seven-volume history easily within the reach of everyone. The most interesting, the most absorbing stories ever written . . . a most valuable addition to your library . . . endless hours of real enjoyment.

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AN EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

Hundreds of men have found the Source Records a dignified and highly profitable means of livelihood. Hundreds of others are needed . . . one representative to every Post or Unit . . . full or part time. If you have faith in your ability to do what others are doing, others who have had no more experience than you have had, write to the Source Records Division of the American Legion at 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Simply say that you are interested in obtaining more information about representing the Source Records. It will be sent to you promptly by return mail.

on errands of mercy unless persons concerned are wealthy or influential. It should be pointed out that the Navy does not make a practice of seeking charitable missions, but in all emergencies it will render aid and answer any S. O. S. where humanity is in distress. I quote from a recent statement of Commander J. H. Ingram of the Public Relations Branch:

"A naval commander's decision in a question of humanity will not be influenced by position or financial standing. Most of the requests for emergency aid come under the head of humanity in need and rarely is the name of the individual given. So it is apparent that John Smith will not be neglected by the Navy, even though he is not given a rating by Bradstreet."

A sample dispatch on rescue work is quoted to show the point: From the Chief of Naval Operations to the Commandant, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida:

"Department desires commandant send one patrol plane to assist in search for three boys missing from small boat near Key West since Saturday. Use own judgment as to method and duration of search."

The Navy's achievements in diplomacy are many and glorious. The Department makes a continual contribution to international relations. It may shock some pacifist souls to discover that the United States Navy is an earnest builder of goodwill. From the early diplomatic victories of naval officers, Kearney in China and Perry in Japan, to modern instances of the founding of goodwill and understanding, the record is one to be proud of.

The Navy as an industrial asset is well recognized. The Navy's relation to commerce makes it a potential protective force in peace-time and a stabilizing power in unsettled communities. The Navy's role in the development of radio, what it has done for marine engineering, ship construction, the development of shore industrial establishments—to say nothing of its contribution to aviation—make this arm of defense an asset the country would not want to dispense with.

The Naval Observatory and the Naval Communications Service are bright examples of how our Department serves the Government and the people every minute of every day. The Navy has stood out and will stand out as a leader in all scientific progress. United States Naval explorations, from the earliest adventuresome voyages to bring back geographical and scientific data to the present well-equipped expeditions, are well known examples.

Finally, the Navy makes a definite and continuous contribution to citizenship. The education and training of officers and enlisted personnel, the methods of character building, the lessons of health and sanitation, and the influence of the great naval reserve force, are proof of how well this task is accomplished.

The American people desire peace, and ask only to be able to maintain that peace. The first line of defense hopes always to be ready.



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The Inside Story of the Armistice

(Continued from page 11)

of the three. The soldiers worked out military policy, the three called them in for the meetings when needed.

No man was in such a position as Bliss to know the three and the inside story of Allied relations and policies. As Chief of Staff in 1917 he had heard the Allied appeals to send an army to France. He had known the mighty three in their alarm over the coming great German offensive in France, at the Supreme Council meetings of January 30 and March 15, 1918, when they said only rushing the troops in our training camps to France might save the war.

He had known them at the meeting of June 30th when the people were fleeing from Paris just before our men made their stand against the advancing Germans on the Paris road. It was then that, backed by Foch, they sent a cable to President Wilson saying that America must send 100 divisions, 4,000,000 in all, to hold the enemy and then to insure victory.

THE three could always agree in asking for more American troops. They simply could not have enough after an exhibition of the way they fought.

After the last of the German offensives was over, after the Americans had been the main force closing the Marne salient, after the British and Canadians were driving the Germans back and when everywhere the Germans were on the defensive—Foch sent for Bliss and asked again for 100 divisions.

When we were forming up for Saint Mihiel he raised his estimate to 120 divisions, more than the total of the British and French armies combined in France. But Bliss concluded that 80 must do, and the War Department agreed, since that was all in the limit of the power of America to send and supply three thousand miles from home.

Bliss never entered into the Allied quarrels. He represented the nation which had the blood of all races of the Allies in its veins and the blood of the enemy races. He knew what his job was, what he was there for—to win the war against the curse of militarism in behalf of all races. He was the arbiter, the tranquilizer, the voice of the American spirit, this huge wise man, with his bald dome, his clear reasoning, a rock that could not be budged when a principle was at stake.

He kept us from being drawn into tangent adventures to grind the political axes of the different Allies, from sending troops to Italy in force—Orlando asked for 500,000—and to Salonika. He held out against sending troops to Northern Russia and to Siberia, those foolish expeditions to which the President finally yielded on the plea of the big three as rulers to ruler.

But Bliss was not even for drawing cards, let alone putting up an ante anywhere but on the western front, where he, Pershing, March and Secretary Baker, the organizer of victory, were determined that the war they were fighting to win would be won. There on the western front Pershing's soldiers, a large percentage of whom had not even begun drill in a training camp at home a year before, were forcing their way up the Romagne hills between the troughs of the Aire and the Meuse and over the hills on the opposite banks. They were threatening to cut off the retreat of the German corps in western France. It was then that the Germans pressed for an armistice.

What did Bliss think the terms should be? Clemenceau was eager to know. Bliss was ill in bed with the grippe that day. He wrote "Unconditional surrender" on a slip of paper and sent it to Clemenceau. This did seem quite harsh and surprising from a man of so kindly a nature as Bliss.

Pershing's answer was the same. But it might be said, quite unfairly to anyone who knew him, that he had just got his great army together and started fighting and he wanted to go on to further military triumphs.

This could not be said about Bliss. All the army he commanded was a small group of officers, clerks, stenographers, an orderly and a chauffeur. To all that little army he was Bliss, a great character, sometimes preoccupied and a little irascible, and then very human.

Both Bliss and Pershing had word from Washington that armistice negotiations were left entirely to House, who now added the fourth to make the Big Three a Big Four. So Bliss and Pershing with their unconditional surrender were out of court. Bliss wrote that House and President Wilson were up against the "wildest politicians in Europe."

FOCH, the generalissimo of the Allied Armies, became the dominant military adviser of the Big Four. He was mainly responsible for the armistice terms. It was the formulation of these terms that led to the false armistice report before they were accepted. But Foch, by this time, was no longer generalissimo of the whole. He had become humanly and inevitably Foch the Frenchman, thinking of the future power of France. In the same way Lloyd George was the Briton thinking of power for Britain, Orlando, the Italian, of power for Italy—army power, naval power, territorial power. America stood alone against a vengeful peace, and soldier Bliss, the sage of the American Army, was the lone outpost who already saw that Europe was on its way back to militarism.

The terms were brought "cut and dried" by the Big Four before the Armistice Com-

mission on which were the military representatives and representatives of some of the smaller nations. The terms were half military and half political, neither proper peace terms nor proper armistice terms. The Germans must surrender a certain amount of arms and yield the east bank of the Rhine. They had enough arms left for a great army, and as Bliss said, if there were anything that would re-rouse their war spirit it was the loss of the bank on their side of their river.

As long as there was any danger of Germany renewing the war Foch wanted to retain a large American army in France. Bliss wanted to be sure the fighting ended at once, and for good. He was in one sense going to the mat to make sure our soldiers could start for home at once. Instead they were to be held in miserable billets in winter and given battle drills to be ready if the war began again.

There were other reasons affecting the future of humanity why Bliss was for unconditional surrender. To him it was the merciful and right way in line with our own war aims.

READING the Bliss papers one imagines what might have happened if Bliss had met Hindenburg as man to man and soldier to soldier in No Man's Land. One can imagine Bliss saying: "We are not fighting Germans as Germans. I have good German neighbors at home. There is German blood in the veins of a multitude of our soldiers who have been fighting yours; many were of pure German blood."

For to Bliss a man was a human being whatever his race, slim and tall, or short and fat. And he would have said to Hindenburg: "You have fought the whole world but it was too much for you. We have two million more Americans coming. So it's time to quit. And when you've quit, fair play, justice." And we know Hindenburg would have accepted unconditional surrender. The Germans would have had to accept it.

That would have prevented the installment plan Armistice, starting with one month, and when that got the Germans back to the Rhine, putting heavier penalties on them, and still heavier. It made the Germans feel that they had not been really licked but tricked with America's connivance.

The Kaiser was off the throne, Germany a republic, the military caste broken. Bliss foresaw the danger of a Germany brooding, learning to hate, a Germany that might go wild some day, turning back to militarism and racial animosity.

For that reason, when the question came up between him, Foch and Haig, the British commander-in-chief, he said Germany was entitled by her size, population and situation to an army of 400,000 and

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The Inside Story of the Armistice

(Continued from page 47)

not been a war to stop aggression. Let people rule their own lands in peace.

When he grudgingly signed the Peace Treaty which was not ready until eight months after the Armistice, and which the Senate would not accept, he said:

"We will have a low period, then a high period and then hell will be to pay all over the world."

The after-war depression of the early twenties, the great boom of 1925-28, and then the world depression and Europe repudiating her war debts and arming to the teeth!

He was kept on till December, 1919, in Paris, looking after details and laboring against our putting up any further military antes beyond the army on the Rhine. One of his last acts was to try to hasten the return of the German war prisoners who were still in France. They were human beings. They had wives and children waiting for them, livings to earn.

On the day before that set for his departure for home it was found that his car had been turned in. He wanted that car back, and his own chauffeur for that final ride to the station. He would go out in style. The car was forthcoming.

At home he was made Governor of the Soldiers' Homes; and after that he had his leisure to read, to visit with his friends.

But he kept up his battle for a better world, speaking, writing for the World Court, in which he believed, and for the limitation of armaments. Every nation was entitled to an army of reasonable size for defense, but not one for aggression.

His happiest moments were spent with his little granddaughter Betty. To her he was quite the best story teller in the world.

Pershing, Bliss, March, the three were made permanent four star generals. But Bliss did not often put on his uniform with all his medals of the first class. His mind kept clear to the last, but his body was wearing out. He knew that he had to die, but viewed death with Blissian philosophy. When the question as to where he was to be buried came up, he chose Arlington. He said:

"Pershing has decided for the cathedral, but in case he might change his mind, don't put me where I might be above him on a slope. He was commander-in-chief."

The end came, November 9, 1930. If the opinion of those who gathered for his funeral and followed the flag-draped caisson to Arlington had been summed up it would have been like this: Though he had never risen to be a town clerk or a corporal, but had only been the sage who lived down the road, he was a great man.

Vote for Whoozis

(Continued from page 21)

phenomenon, he is at least as wide-spread as the people who never get pyorrhea. His problems and his behavior may be duplicated in every State—his problems by almost everybody, his behavior by almost one out of three. The per capita taxation (of all kinds) for the National Government is only about one third the per capita taxation of Jones's fellow townsmen, and Jones is fairly lucky compared to a good many Americans. The American Year Book for 1933 cites as a possible average per capita expenditure for all cities—the closest approximation available—\$73 and some cents. And yet only about two thirds as many people vote in municipal elections as vote in Presidential elections.

In Jones's ward and city, which is almost exactly average in the proportion of votes to registration in different kinds of elections, almost 90 percent of the voters vote for President. Between 65 and 80 percent of them go to the polls in a state-wide election—one of those off-year elections when we choose a Governor, generally one Senator to Washington, and a Congressman, not to mention a State Senator and a member of the Lower House of the State Legislature. The figures dwindle further when we come to municipal elec-

tions. Sometimes barely more than half the voters trouble about mayor, aldermen, councillors and the like. A municipal election calling out 65 percent of the voting enrollment is very good indeed.

No wonder Alderman Soandso thrives, and that Aldermen Soandsoes thrive in practically every city of every State. Alderman Soandso gets by because all of his *friends* vote; his opponents' friends don't take the trouble. Alderman Soandso votes for appropriations, and thus keeps a minority satisfied. Our town has paved a lot of streets that didn't need it and has refused to pave a lot of streets that did need it, but in justice to Alderman Soandso I must admit that he has voted for the appropriations regardless of need. There are some municipal laborers in his ward; he gets their vote. There are some contractors in his ward; he gets their vote, too. One of his greatest triumphs was the cutting of a street through an unprofitable tenement region to an orphanage for the superbly naive reason that it would "help the poor fathers and mothers to get to the orphanage to see their children." A local newspaper even remarked, rather uncouthly Alderman Soandso seemed to think, upon the coincidence that the al-

derman owned some of the unprofitable tenements that the city planned to take over, but it didn't prevent the re-election of Alderman Soandso. There were other tenement-owners in the ward; they voted for him, and although the orphan vote was negligible, he got by.

Yet 500 Joneses, going to the polls, could have chucked Alderman Soandso into the political ash-can. The ward has about 10,000 registered voters. About 9000 of them voted for President in 1932. About 5500 of them voted for Mayor last year, and a few less than that voted for Alderman. Alderman Soandso won by a majority of less than 500. And the vote which he got just about represents his maximum possible vote. It represents every beneficiary of municipal extravagance in our ward—every beneficiary and his wife and maybe his cousin.

I honestly believe that of the 3500 Joneses who stayed away from the last municipal election, about 3400 feel about Alderman Soandso as Jones feels.

Big town or little, the Joneses are lavishly indifferent to municipal elections. The last municipal election in New York was one of the most important in metropolitan history. For once, also, a municipal election was almost as thoroughly dramatized as a national election. Yet almost half a million fewer votes were cast in the city election than had been cast in the Presidential election the year before. Important and dramatic municipal elections also were held last year in the large cities of Detroit, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, but the ballots nowhere fell with the profusion of 1932.

This isn't all. People are inclined to lose interest in candidates as they get toward the bottom of a ballot. Maybe it's what Europeans love to call our obsession with mere size. Anyway, the candidates for the biggest-sounding jobs get the most votes. This is true of every State. What I say of off-year elections also is true of every State, with some exceptions in the South, where the electoral-college system sometimes serves to abate interest in the Presidential contest, but where the rules applicable elsewhere to elections are generally applicable to primaries.

I stuck my finger into a book containing election statistics of the last few years. I came out on the State of Iowa. In 1932, I found, 42,000 fewer Iowans voted for United States Senator than voted for President on the same ballot. And in the off-year election of 1930, only about two-thirds as many Iowans voted at all, although they were electing, among others, a United States Senator.

Jones evidently isn't stirred up about Senators and Governors and state legislators. This, although his state gasoline tax of three cents a gallon is three times the Federal gasoline tax, although his per capita share of the State budget is almost exactly equal to his per capita share of the Federal budget.

Now a great many people will argue that the presidency is the most important office in the country and deserves the largest possible expression of the public will. This is true. But to any individual voter, public offices are practically *all* important. The Government at Washington can ruin the nation. But so can the government at City Hall ruin a municipality. Jones has just as much at stake in the city election as in the national election.

I know a town which had 12,000 inhabitants only ten years ago. It was prosperous, with many going industries. It elected municipal officials who went in for improvements with enthusiasm, but not always with judgment. They hired policemen and firemen with éclat. They spent money in the true Klondike spirit. In order not to infuriate the home-owning citizenry, they tried to make the factories of the town pay most of the bills. Today, three out of four of those factories are closed down. And most of them closed down before the depression began. They were taxed to death. The pampered homeowners often lost their homes anyway, because they lost their jobs. Yet in the year 1928, during a spring municipal election, fewer votes were cast than were cast for either presidential candidate in the fall.

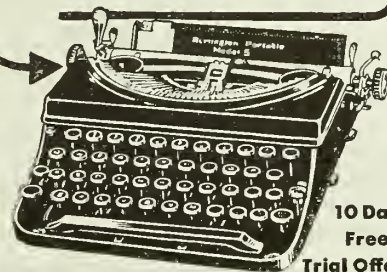
I know of another city of almost 150,000 people which went to the other extreme. It pampered industry. Factories were undertaxed and homes were overtaxed until the factories began to have trouble with their workmen. Some of the factories packed their tooth brushes and moved out. If the State hadn't stepped in under a ripper law to supervise that city's finances, I suspect it would have no more industries today than Tombstone, Arizona, which I understand has very few industries indeed.

I was born in a small village. Even its best friends never claimed a population of more than a thousand. One of its principal industries was the cutting of granite into monuments, paving blocks and other things. Now and then the bulk of the cutting in a principal shed would be moved away, along with most of the machinery on which taxes were levied. My father used to say that the industry came and went as the tax rate went down or up.

Now the presidency is the most important job on earth. But even Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has a home in Hyde Park, New York, probably has felt at times that a local election can be as important to an individual as any national election can be. The presidency is an office which easily dramatizes itself. The presidential election is a great national show, and this is well. But to Jones and to me, and to you, you and you, Alderman Soandso can be a terrible menace. Let's not be too busy, next time he comes up, to vote against him. Or if we are lucky, like my friend Brown, and have a good representative in City Hall, like Alderman Whoozis, let's not forget, next time he comes up, to vote to re-elect him. If another Soandso gets in, it will be our own fault.

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Accidents Don't Happen

(Continued from page 1)



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Translate this into terms of private automobile operation. Average year's mileage for a family car is not over 12,000. This means that to meet the Indianapolis achievement you would have to drive for 85 years without an accident. Using our ultra-strict method of tabulation you and your family would have to go four or five years without so much as backing over Junior's velocipede in the driveway or catching a heel on a running board. In all fairness, since the hazard of this type of minor accident increases directly in proportion to the number of passengers carried in the vehicle, you would have to spot us about 8 to 1, allowing you an average load of four people. This puts your bogey up to 30 or 40 years driving until you are entitled to even the tiniest mishap, which should make Junior's bike safe for your grandchildren. Look back over your accident record ever since you have been driving a car, will you, and let me know how you stack up?

These figures prove that automobile accidents as a class are preventable, and that prevention rests almost entirely with the driver. That time-worn alibi about the dangers inherent in the other drivers is definitely out, you see. If the other drivers on the road were an absolutely inescapable hazard, our vehicles could not average even 60,000 miles per accident. They could never conceivably reach such box car figures as those Detroit and Indianapolis records.

In other words, if you are an average American driver you have been kidding yourself about what permits automobile accidents to happen. You permit them to happen, excepting perhaps one accident in a hundred.

Despite the millions of words which have been published on accident prevention, any large-scale truck or bus operator knows that the cause of practically every accident was sitting behind the wheel of at least one of the cars involved. Yes, of course some accidents are unpreventable, such as those caused by a defective part in a new car. But these happen so rarely that they are not a much greater menace to human life than lightning or meteors.

You cannot make a good driver out of unsuitable material. Yet this attempt is commonly tried. My own guess is that not more than two-thirds of the automobile drivers operating today can be safely entrusted with motor vehicles. Yet many of the States with largest automobile registration have utterly no driver's license laws except for chauffeurs and other employed drivers. Many other States issue a driver's license on application without any tests

and merely hold its possible revocation as a threat over those who grossly misbehave. A comparative handful of States, principally in the northeastern corner of the United States, make an applicant for a driver's license really prove himself competent to operate a motor vehicle.

Not to brag, but because I happen to know more about our business than any other, let me tell how we select drivers. An applicant to be considered must show considerable experience in driving either a bus or a truck. He must be between 24 and 30 years old, without physical impairments which we look for in a medical examination far more stringent than those required for life insurance. He must be at least five feet eight and weigh at least 160 pounds—this merely because passengers feel safer with a husky driver at the wheel. We follow up his references as carefully as if we were hiring him to be the company's treasurer.

Now we put him on a test bus with an experienced driver alongside him and let him drive it—empty, of course. If the driver's report shows he has possibilities and if he looks otherwise O. K., he goes to Cleveland for two weeks of intensive schooling. Every morning he sits in a schoolroom with the rest of his class and learns the theory of driving and bus mechanics. Every afternoon the class piles into a bus with a driver-instructor, who tries the men at the wheel and grades their work, teaching them meanwhile.

At least twenty-five percent of the men who come to the training school fail to pass. The rest become extra drivers. Before a new man is permitted to take a bus over a route by himself, he rides it daily for two weeks and each driver reports on him after giving him an hour or two at the wheel. Even after all this training, a few new men are accident repeaters who somehow attract trouble and have to be released. From this carefully sifted material we obtain crews which can roll up those Detroit and Indianapolis no-accident records.

Compare this with the carefree fashion in which the average citizen buys his first automobile, takes a few driving lessons from friends, then turns himself loose on an unsuspecting and defenseless world. He may be too old. He may be temperamentally unfit. He may be so near-sighted he cannot see danger one hundred yards away, or he may have other major physical defects. The difference between the qualifications of a picked force of drivers like ours and the run-of-mine people operating most motor cars explains why we can demand 60,000 road miles per accident. Likewise, why we know that the difference between safe and unsafe driving is in the drivers themselves.

Even competent drivers vary in ability at different times. I have seen a two-year

no-accident driver come to work in a black mood, then go out and have his first accident. From years of experience we know it is one of three causes when a no-accident driver becomes an accident repeater: Physical impairment, money troubles, or woman troubles, which last classification takes in a great deal of territory. The general mental tone of a driver makes a tremendous difference in his driving ability. When you are worried or have a headache or otherwise feel below par, take a bus or a train or a streetcar, or let your wife drive you.

Rules for safe driving have been enunciated so often that it seems hopeless to compile another list which will have much effect. Instead, let me tell a few of the things we expect of our drivers to assure maximum safety. Likewise, some of our findings about the causes and occasions for accidents.

First and foremost, drive with reasonable speed. Our bus schedules are set for a top speed of 45 miles an hour. A driver with a good record who is caught going between 45 and 50 is merely cautioned. But no matter what his previous record, when he is clocked above fifty he is through. A bus can be stopped in just as short a distance as a passenger car, but if its great weight hits something at high speed it is bound to do a lot of damage.

Mind you, we do not believe that anything above fifty is necessarily dangerous for passenger automobiles. I drive my own car well over sixty when road conditions permit. Most of our operating people (the same ones who set the bus rules) drive their own cars at high speeds under favorable circumstances, and have about as good safety records as have our bus drivers.

Again, reasonable speed varies with conditions. When you know that your brakes are in perfect order, a speed is safe which might be reckless if they are gripping even a little less than one hundred percent. When the road is wet, quick stopping at forty-five is probably the limit of safety, on asphalt still lower; when the pavement is icy, the limit may be as low as fifteen; on a dry, gritty concrete road you can stop just as well at sixty-five. With visibility perfect and the road straight, set your own speed limit. But when the air is foggy, snowy, rainy or otherwise difficult to see through, cut down your speed. The safe rule, we tell our drivers, is never to drive at a rate which would prevent stopping within the distance that can be clearly seen. In a heavy fog or dust storm, this speed may be ten or even five miles an hour. All right. It is better to creep along at five than to be picked up in a basket.

There are other kinds of impaired visibility. Curves, for example. On plenty of curves a driver familiar with the route knows he can see just as clearly, and about as far, as on a straightaway. But if the driver does not know, if he cannot see far ahead, then safe speed at that point is low speed. Similarly coming to the top of a hill. It is not enough either on a blind curve or a hill to drive so slowly that you

can stop in the distance you can see. Suppose you can see for 150 feet to the crest of a hill. And suppose that over the crest hurtle two cars abreast, taking up all the road. Your only chance is to stop in, say, seventy-five feet, giving the passing car a chance to get back on its own side of the pavement.

I hear you objecting that nobody has any business to pass on a hilltop or on a curve, in fact that there is a law against it. But the fact is, dim-wits do it all the time. You must be prepared for them. Remember our advice to the bus driver: Always figure that all other drivers are idiots and will behave accordingly. This is a base slander on most of the drivers on the road. But if you assume they are all imbeciles, when you meet an imbecile you are on the safe side.

Accidents arising from collisions head-on or head-to-side are our largest classification. They come under just such circumstances as we have been discussing. So I speak from sad experience when I issue these fatherly warnings to you.

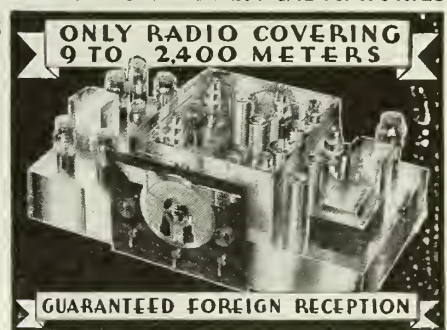
The next largest classification of our accidents is rear-end collisions. These have two major causes: (1) At night, pavement parking or excessively slow speed; (2) following too close.

Just the other evening not far from my home a fine example of this occurred. A police car overhauled an alleged speeder and he stopped on the pavement. The driver and two officers were standing behind his car having a heated argument. Along came a third car from the same direction and crashed all three men against the parked car, killing or seriously injuring them as well as the occupants of the third car. Presumably the figures of the arguers hid the tail light until it was too late. The driver who crashed into them may not have been coming at excessive speed. The accident was caused when the car was left standing on the concrete slab. It was made almost inevitable when the men stood behind it instead of at the side of the road.

The other principal cause of tail-end collisions is following too close. How often have you seen on the road two cars bowling along at sixty with an interval of ten or fifteen feet between them? Our drivers have to endure these hind-end cuddlers much of the time. Since the bus is allowed only forty-five and most cars on the road are traveling faster, a bus driver's day is just one long series of being passed.

Perhaps half of the passers do it properly. Such a passer follows sixty or eighty feet behind until the other side of the road is clear for a long enough stretch, then steps on the gas, toots the horn, and goes on around. The other half get impatient. Even though he will probably not get around any sooner than if he kept back where he belongs, such a driver tails on close behind the bus, which probably has far better brakes than his car. So when some sudden danger makes the bus driver stamp his right foot on the brake pedal, the tail-end tagger bashes into the Greyhound's rear (Continued on page 52)

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Accidents Don't Happen

(Continued from page 51)

bumper. It usually is not very hard on the bus, which is built to take it. But the other driver may very well dive through his windshield.

It would be possible to take you through the entire list of major accident classifications and tell you what to do to avoid participating in them. But the advice would be nothing new to you, nothing never than the advice already given about avoiding head-on and rear-end collisions—and it is a safe bet you have heard every one of these at least a dozen times. I might fill reams of paper with the familiar popularizations of formulas which you learned in high-school physics. You know: When a car at twenty miles an hour hits a stationary object, the impact is about the same as if the car had fallen off a one-story building; forty miles an hour equals a fall off a four-story building; sixty miles equals nine stories; and so on. I could point out the unwisdom of driving an automobile which is not in prime mechanical condition,

but you already know that—and if you don't my command of English would never be adequate to drill it into your unresponsive skull.

All this, then, would be superfluous. You get more good advice about the details of safe driving than you could read in a year. And the uselessness of it is proved by the national accident record, which climbs year after year. I had rather leave with you just one basic, significant thought which you cannot afford to overlook, and which once you grasp it will make you a safer driver than you ever have been.

It nets down to this: Assuming you have the physical and nervous equipment for competent driving, you can either be a no-accident driver or else an accident repeater. The choice is in your hands.

Remember now: Don't blame the other fellow exclusively if you tangle with his car. For I'll still bet you ten to one you could have prevented it.

What Baseball Players Talk About

(Continued from page 27)

maybe win. The crowd was crazy with excitement. Time was called while Joe Cronin, the Washington manager, selected a pinch hitter to bat for his pitcher.

We thought he would send Sam Rice up to the bat. We were in a tough spot. When he picked Bolton, we were still in a tough spot and we did not know how to pitch to Bolton. None of us knew him. We stood there—Terry, Ryan, Jackson, Mancuso and I—around Hubbell on the mound, trying to make up our minds what to do while the crowd roared for us to play ball.

It was a cinch that what we had to do was to keep the runner on third from scoring with the tying run. The trick was, how to do it. Should we play in? Should we play back? You see we did not know anything about Bolton. If it had been Rice who was hitting, we would have known what to do. Incidentally, if Rice had batted and had hit the same ball that Bolton hit, we never would have been able to make the play we finally made on Bolton. The Senators probably would have tied the score with two out.

While we were standing there on the mound, scratching our heads, Dressen, a substitute infielder, came galloping out from the bench.

"Listen!" he said excitedly. "You can double this Bolton! I know him. He can't run. You can double him, I tell you."

Dressen had played with Bolton in the Southern League. What he suggested was a swell idea, but it was an awful

chance. But then, no matter what we did, we might be wrong. We were just in a tough spot, that's all.

Terry, our manager, made up his mind fast.

"All right," he said. "We'll try to double this guy. I'll play in. Jackson, you play in. Hughie, you and Ryan play half way. If the ball is hit right, go for two. If it isn't, we'll make the play at the plate. And for Crimminy's sake, Hub, keep that ball low and away from him. Make him hit on the ground. All right. Let's go."

Dressen went back to the bench. We went to our positions waiting for the ball that would either end the game or do something else with it. Ryan was playing shortstop; I was playing second.

Hubbell kept the ball low and outside in a spot where it would be most difficult for Bolton to lift it into the air. A long fly would have been as bad as a base hit right then. What happened is history. We made the double play.

I knew we were going to make it the instant the ball left Bolton's bat. We all knew it would be a double play or nothing. We swept into it. The ball hopped along the ground a little to Ryan's right. He scooped it up and tossed it to me. I passed it along to Terry. The game was over. We had won. It was spectacular. We felt proud of ourselves. We took the cheers, but the hero of that play was Dressen, because we didn't know what to do until he told us.

There are lots of things happen on a

ball field that the fans don't understand. They probably wonder what in the world the umpires and one man from each team talk about every day just before the game. They stand at the plate and point and look and pass pieces of paper around. And they do it every day before every game.

Maybe the fans don't wonder. Maybe they know that somebody from each team has to give the chief umpire the official batting order in writing. Maybe they know also that they are talking about the ground rules.

BUT I've heard people ask why, when the same teams are playing on the same grounds for three days, it is necessary to go over the ground rules every day. They do this to prevent possible arguments during the game. There is a different set of ground rules in every park in both leagues. By going over the local rules every day, the umpires do not give the visiting manager a chance to complain that he did not know about a certain rule.

Some of the ground rules sound funny; but they are serious. Everything that can possibly interfere with the handling of the ball is included in the ground rules. One of those advertising balloons once hovered over a ball park and the umpire stopped the game and announced: "If the ball hits the balloon—two bases." The blue pigeon which came to the world series games in Washington last year and would not get off the field was put in the ground rules. It was understood that if the ball hit the pigeon, the ball was in play. It never happened; but if it had and there had not been a rule, there would have been a terrible argument.

Every time the fans see players talking, they wonder what it's all about. They guess and most of the time they're wrong. They'd have a lot more fun, if they only knew.

There was an incident in a game in the other league. The Yankees were playing the Tigers and had a little lead going into the last of the eighth. In this inning the Tigers filled the bases with two out. Bob Fothergill, who is as big as a barrel, was the batter. The crowd was excited. Fothergill was a good hitter.

Suddenly, Leo Durocher, who was playing short for the Yankees, ran in from his position and stopped the game. He spoke to the umpire, pointing to Fothergill. The umpire waved Durocher away. The game was resumed. The fans wondered what was the matter. They had no way of knowing that it was just Durocher setting out to get Fothergill's goat. If they had been in the field this is what they would have heard:

"Hey, wait a minute," shouted Durocher, running toward the plate. "Stop the game!"

"What's the matter?" inquired the umpire.

"It's against the rules," protested Durocher, pointing to Fothergill. "Those two men can't bat at once."

Durocher had set out to get Fothergill's

goat and he got it. The big man was so indignant he hit an easy grounder and was thrown out.

Everyone who ever has seen a ball game has seen the catcher or one of the infielders stroll over and talk to the pitcher. It is taken for granted that the pitcher is getting advice or encouragement. Sometimes he is; sometimes he isn't.

Jack Fournier, the former Brooklyn first baseman, once came over and told a young pitcher to be sure to pitch inside to Rogers Hornsby. The pitcher did and Hornsby almost killed the third baseman with a line drive.

"What's the idea of tellin' me to pitch inside to that guy?" asked the pitcher.

"I'm a married man with a family to support," said Fournier. "I don't want him hitting any outside balls at me."

With the best intentions in the world, Sammy Bohne, playing shortstop for the Reds, advised Pete Donohue to pitch inside to Zach Taylor, who was catcher with Brooklyn then. Pete pitched inside and Zach hit the ball right straight at Sammy and broke his nose. Sammy just threw his glove up in the air and yelled wildly: "Wheel!"

WE WERE all gathered around Jackie May one time, everybody telling him how to pitch to Hack Wilson. The Reds were playing the Cubs and had a one-run lead in the ninth. The Cubs had the tying run on third base with two men out. After everyone had told how he thought Jackie ought to pitch to Wilson, I said:

"Well, Jackie, you're the pitcher. How do you want to pitch to him?"

After listening to all this talk, May made a great decision.

"Bub," he said to Hargrave, his catcher. "You get back of that plate. I'm going to wind up and throw just as hard as I can. If he hits it, I can't help it."

Al Spohrer, catching for the Boston Braves, had a nice sociable conversation with Hornsby, at the plate, one time, trying to talk him out of getting a hit in a pinch.

"Hello, Rog," said Spohrer, as Hornsby came up to bat. "You're lookin' fine. How d'ya feel?"

"I feel fine," said Hornsby, shifting his feet and keeping his eyes on the pitcher.

"Why don't you come and see us when you get to Boston?" continued Spohrer. "I'd like to have you meet the wife."

"I'd like to do that," said Hornsby, always with his eyes on the pitcher.

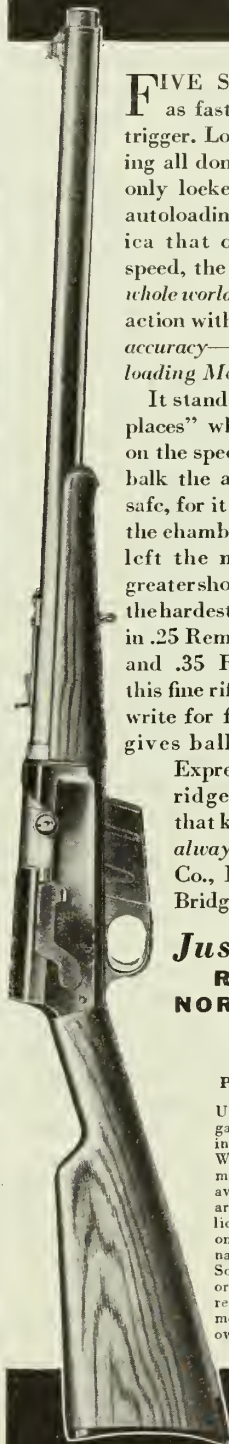
"Yeah; come around and have dinner with us," said Spohrer in his eagerness to keep the conversation going.

"That'll be fine," said Hornsby and he stepped up and knocked the ball into the stands for a home run.

Spohrer watched the ball disappear and forgot all about his wasted efforts at conversation until Hornsby trotted across the plate and said: "By the way, Al . . . What's your address?"

Spohrer did not answer. For once a ball player had nothing to say.

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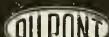
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The Power Behind the Plow

(Continued from page 29)

moved from country to city during the 1920's. Industry absorbed this labor supply. Manufacturing boomed at an unheard-of rate. And for a while all went merry as a wedding.

But presently trouble started. The farmers found their cash incomes so impaired that they quit buying anything they could get along without, which was most of the things the factories were turning out. Presently industry began laying off workmen, among them many former farmers. These city folks had to cease buying freely of the farmers. So we found ourselves in the depression. And then came NRA and, for the farmer, AAA.

DOES all of this mean that we should curtail our use of farm machinery or do without it? Not at all. Despite the jeremiahs who feel that civilization is doomed unless the world scraps labor-saving devices, I cannot share their gloom. The world has previously seen temporary maladjustments and misery from sudden applications of machinery to jobs which had been more crudely handled by larger numbers of people. It has always worked its way out of these troubles, and is now working out of this depression. In the long run, labor-saving devices have immeasurably improved mankind's lot, and this instance will be no exception.

We must, of course, draw a sharp line between the two major kinds of farming: Farming as a business; and farming as a means of just getting a livelihood. Business farming must always be the reliance of the nation's agriculture, for we cannot endure with half of our people on a bare subsistence level. But there is also a place for subsistence farming, particularly in times like these. Subsistence farming offers the one best answer to the needs of those unemployed families with enough farming knowledge for the task. Nor does it harm the business farmer. Some professional farm leaders sputter against subsistence farming as depriving the real farmers of their market. My everyday work keeps me in touch with the business farmers. I know that not one real farmer in a thousand objects to subsistence farming. The business farmer has the gumption to comprehend that it is better for him as well as for everybody else if we can let unemployed families support themselves rather than rely on tax funds raised from the rest of the population.

This type of farming cannot, of course, employ farm machinery to any considerable extent, hence cannot compete with business farming. With the business farmer it is different. Since prices of farm products are low, his one hope of making a profit lies in producing his crops cheaply. What is more, on a reasonably good farm it has been possible all through the depression not only to make a living but also

to make a reasonable earning. I know, for that is my business.

Nearly a dozen years ago we formed the Farmers National Company for the sole purpose of managing farms for owners who either cannot do their own managing or desire management more expert than they can give. (*) We handle between 600 and 700 farms aggregating a quarter million acres in six Missouri Valley States. These are all farmed by tenants working under our supervision. Except for those farms which are badly run-down or on which some other extraordinary situations prevail, a goodly number of them have returned a net profit to their owners and to their tenants year after year.

We are practical farmers in our company, many of us with country banking experience as well. To us farming is just as much a business as is his store to a merchant or his factory to a manufacturer. You might, then, expect us to be all depressed over the sad lot of the farmer. Actually, while we know the farmer's lot (like everyone else's) is at a low ebb and might be much improved to the benefit of city folks as well, we have to admit that even during the worst of the panic it was possible to make a typical Iowa or Nebraska farm pay its way. Why deny it? Our records show this was being done, not with one farm, but with many farms.

In making a reasonable showing, every farmer must rely heavily upon good farm machinery. The first requisite of profitable tenant farming is, of course, a good tenant. We continually have a waiting list of tenants who want to get on farms under our management because they know this is a better than ordinary chance to get ahead. Consequently we can be somewhat choosy. And one of the qualifications to which we naturally attach a great deal of weight is the machinery and livestock and poultry that the tenant owns and can bring to his task. We know that without adequate mechanical aids and livestock he can make a profit neither for himself nor for our client, the owner.

ONCE in a while some city friend asks me how much machinery a typical farm requires. He usually thinks it consists of three or four tools, of which he can enumerate a plow, a cultivator, and a cream separator. Of course the kind and quantity of necessary machinery varies with the size of the farm and the type of farming. We know pretty well the acceptable minimum for farms we handle, and we always check the tenant's application against our list. Three typical farms of which we handle large numbers in Iowa and Nebraska are the 240-acre corn-and-hog farm, the 480-acre corn-and-hog farm, the 640-acre wheat farm.

Each of these farms must have individual equipment, but also all three must have certain basic machines and animals. This over-all list is: Four or five milk cows, a small truck, and perhaps a small tractor, a harrow and a disk, a two-row go-devil, a cream separator, a mower, a hay rake, a stacker, and a hay sweep. Both corn-and-hog farms must also have ten to twenty brood sows, two hundred and fifty chickens or more, a two-bottom plow, a two-row cultivator, a corn planter, a two-row lister, a grinder, and a self binder. The smaller corn-and-hog farm needs from four to eight horses; the larger needs twelve horses and perhaps a corn picker, where there is considerable corn acreage and not many boys at home. The wheat farm needs besides the basic list, four horses, a hundred chickens, six or eight brood sows, a small combine, a larger tractor, a three-bottom plow, a one-row lister, and a spring-tooth weeder.

THE mechanical equipment for the smaller hog-and-corn farm costs new about \$2,000—purchased at a farm sale it can be had second-hand for between \$500 and \$1,000. The equipment for the larger corn-and-hog farm will cost another \$600 new or from \$150 to \$300 second-hand. The equipment for the wheat farm will cost \$2,500 new, or \$1,000 to \$1,200 second-hand. All of which should convince anyone that today farming leans rather heavily on machinery.

On the other side, of course, is the machinery enthusiast who keeps himself head-over-ears in debt paying for machinery that he could get along without. There are many such farmers, and they are even more undesirable than the under-equipped tenant. And oddly enough, a craze for machinery quite frequently goes with poor farming ability and always with poor management. I don't know why, unless buying too much machinery shows a lack of the sane business judgment essential to money-making on a farm.

If you want further evidence that a farmer needs a good deal of machinery, you can find it by reading the catalogs of standard agricultural colleges. The student gets practical courses in gas engines, and half a dozen other mechanical studies necessary to today's mechanical farming. One result, naturally, is that farm machinery now is far better cared for, and far more economically operated, than when first it came into use. Recall, if you can, the many farm implements which twenty years ago stood outdoors in all seasons and weathers. Next time you drive through the country look for them. You don't find them. The farmer has passed that elementary stage of his mechanical education.

Farming has come to depend heavily on machinery besides tillage and harvest-

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Described in the author's book "Making Farms Pay," published by Macmillan, New York.

ing tools. For instance, the hog raiser finds it profitable under most price conditions to crack the grain, when small grain is used, before feeding, since it takes only three-quarters as much ground feed as whole grain to produce a given tonnage of pork. Therefore he has a power-driven burr mill or hammer mill for grinding. He makes money by installing a thermostatically controlled oil heater to heat the hog house where his sows farrow, since the even temperature saves losing many pigs. He needs electric light in his hog houses, just as every farmer needs it (whether or not he has it) in barns, barnyard, and other work areas. An increasing number of farms are on central station transmission lines, and many others have their own gasoline-driven electric plants.

In dairying many forms of machinery are used. The three commonest—milking machine, separator, and the overhead trolley for handling ensilage and manure—are practical equipment for the larger dairyman. The last word to date in mechanizing dairy barns is in one big-scale eastern establishment where the cows stand on a huge turntable and are rotated to one man after another, each of whom performs at his station as specialized an operation as the workmen on an automobile assembly line. And the hard-headed farm-bred man who told me about this installation assures me that it shows a profit by rigorous standards of cost accounting.

There are dozens of specialized types of farm machinery of which most city folks have never heard. In truck farming, for example, plant setters are used—ingenious machines which automatically make small holes in the prepared row, drop into them tiny plants grown in hotbed or greenhouse, tuck the soil tight around each plant's roots, and finally give it a benediction of water to start it toward your dinner table weeks or months hence. Another truck gardening machine in increasing use is the garden tractor so small that the farmer does not ride but walks along with it. In a recent farm magazine article a photograph showed some six or eight of these machines following close behind one

another, each performing a successive operation which planted a good-sized field of vegetables the same day it was plowed.

I could enumerate similar examples for another half dozen pages. We have not even touched upon the machinery used in such major crops as cotton, fruit, and many others. We have ignored such familiars as the windmill and the gasoline pump; nor have we more than mentioned such ingenious machines as the corn picker or husker which in times of high wages saves several men's wages and in late afternoon enables the farmer to haul to his corn-crib the ears which that morning stood untouched in a ten- to fifteen-acre field.

Quite as important to the welfare of the rural population, if not so immediate a factor in farm profits, is the machinery that lightens the farm wife's task. Washing machines, electrically or gasoline driven. Electric refrigerators, electric and gas stoves. Running water and sanitary plumbing. Farm homes with these conveniences are all too few. But there are more of them than city folks think, and their number was increasing daily even while the farm problem and last year's much heralded so-called farm strikes (which they were not) monopolized the headlines. For it seems an immutable rule of intelligent human life that mankind will have more and more mechanical slaves to do its bidding, to save its strength, to retard the preventable appalling waste of human health and time and happiness that has prevailed for years.

Yes, farm machinery is here to stay. Of this I am convinced. The theorists may point to tractors and combines as a major cause of the depression, which I should be the last to deny. But we practical dirt farmers have another way of looking at it. We point to it enthusiastically as the principal reason why, in times such as we went through some months ago with farm products prices at all-time lows, the competent farmer who used it intelligently was able to keep himself going and average a reasonable earning in the years when dead and dying commercial enterprises cluttered the city streets.

Keeping the Peace in the Pacific

(Continued from page 19)

Corps, of course, had to depend entirely upon the good-will and co-operation of Canada in its flight through the Dominion for fuel, oil, food, shelter, weather reports, landing fields, and transportation to and from the fields; the Navy's outfit was self-sufficient from the time it left San Diego until it returned, with the exception of a temporary landing near the Alaskan border, made because of heavy fog. This landing was made, incidentally, despite the fact that the flagship received and sent, before and during the six hundred-mile flight, some 78 messages on the subject of weather alone.

Throughout the Alaskan cruise, these aerial dreadnaughts, weighing with a normal load more than seven tons, with their wing span of 72 feet, and a crew of six, kept in constant communication by radio, not only with the flagship, but with each other. They flew in formation, and on schedule. Each carried a 75-pound anchor, a rifle, a rubber boat, and emergency rations. Always there was a tender ahead to lay down moorings, send weather reports, and provide quarters for the pilots, mechanics, navigators, and radio operators. On a hop of more than five hundred miles, a tender stood (Continued on page 56)

NEW JERSEY PIPE SMOKER TELLS OF BIG DISCOVERY

Writes that he has found out how to smoke a pipeful on one match

Here is a letter from a good friend of Edgeworth who wants all the members of the World Edgeworth Club to know of his discovery.

Larus & Bro. Co.
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July 23, 1934

I have been a pipe smoker for many years and as far back as I can remember have always used Edgeworth. However, it was not until the past week I learned how to get the maximum out of Edgeworth!

Am passing the information along to you, being confident it will prove of assistance to your countless Edgeworth smokers.

Heretofore I crammed my old pipe chock a block full of tobacco, packing it down tight, and then proceeded to use five to ten matches per pipe load trying to keep the fool thing lit!

(Am really ashamed of myself for being so dumb) But, now I know the real secret!

Before loading my pipe I rub my Edgeworth between my fingers until it feels a little sticky, then instead of "jamming" it into the pipe and shutting off all possibilities of a draft I merely "dip" my pipe into my pouch and gently "scoop" up two or three times until my pipe fills itself.

Believe me, my smoke is ever so much improved, and I can smoke a bowl full on one match! Further there is practically nothing to throw away at the end of the bowl full either. After all that's economy as well as enjoyment!!! I am,

Sincerely yours,

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The quality in Edgeworth that attracts pipe smokers is the combination of honest tobacco flavor and comfortable mildness. Mildness without flavor is disappointing. Full tobacco flavor without mildness may be uncomfortable. Every pipe smoker wants good tobacco flavor, but often he is afraid



Economy and enjoyment

that a tobacco with good flavor may not be mild. Edgeworth has full rich flavor, and is guaranteed not to bite the tongue.

Edgeworth is sold everywhere in all sizes, from the 15¢ pocket package to the pound humidur tin. Several sizes come in vacuum packed tins. In these the factory freshness and full flavor are retained indefinitely in any climate.

Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

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They don't mind waiting when they've got one of these gloom-dispelling memory ticklers to help them pass the time and forget their troubles.

All the Wally cartoons that appeared in the A. E. F. Stars & Stripes during the war reprinted in a handy sized volume of 76 pages—with defamatory introductions by Alexander Woolcott and John T. Winterich.

A book of belly laughs to hand your waiting dinner guest—or the kiddies. To keep on the tables of your living room—the doctor's office—professional men's ante-rooms—clubs and barber shops. Always new.

Send for at least one before they're all gone.

A wonderful Xmas present.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Please send me one book of Wally's cartoons for the \$1.50 enclosed.

Name

Address

Town State.....

Keeping the Peace in the Pacific

(Continued from page 55)

guard at the half-way mark in case something should go amiss. The pilots not only were expert fliers; they were naval officers, able to carry out the regular naval duties for which they were trained.

The value of Admiral Johnson's theory that pilots should be familiar with local conditions in Alaska was demonstrated at the outset. Pilots who came from the Caribbean, the Canal Zone and San Diego with pre-conceived ideas of cold, stormy, and foggy weather found, much to their surprise, that the Alaskan weather was neither stormy nor cold; and that while fog did exist in spots, it was usually possible to fly under it. On the other hand, they encountered a difficulty which they had not expected: The water in many sheltered bays and harbors is usually too deep for a seaplane anchorage. In one harbor they had to anchor the planes a mile from the city. But the point is, they went up there, off the beaten Atlantic, Caribbean and Pacific track, and gathered first-hand information about weather, flying conditions, possible seaplane and submarine bases, and many other things.

They navigated without outside assistance from place to place, in uncertain weather, and without familiar land-marks to guide them. Radio, of course, is indispensable for successful air operations. It facilitated their flights in Alaska, and reduced the flying hazard considerably. The Signal Corps and other radio stations brought the flagship advance reports on the weather, and kept the squadron leaders advised as to ceiling and visibility along the route. Only once did radio have an opportunity to prove its greatest value, viz., to give the latitude and longitude of a plane that was forced down at sea by engine trouble. Once a plane did not start with the others, but this delay was caused by a defective switch. Both planes were hoisted on board the nearest tender, repaired, and later lowered over the side.

Flying the twelve Navy seaplanes to Alaska and back to San Diego, and operating them for two months independent of any aid from the mainland, required a great amount of preparation and forethought. The first thing to take into consideration was the cruising radius of the PM-1 type of flying boat. That being known, the route and the number of stops were arranged on the chart, and the tenders so distributed and their schedules so laid out that one always arrived ahead of the squadron to drop a 500-pound anchor for each plane. This tender remained on the spot, sending weather reports at intervals and furnishing oil and gas for the planes, and food and shelter for the 72 men comprising the crews. It furnished a speedboat to patrol the anchorage at night and thus to insure the safety of the big flying boats; and the tender's searchlight was trained on them at frequent intervals.

Meanwhile, tender number two would go on ahead. Tender number one, immediately after the departure of the planes, would send out large motor launches to pick up the moorings and depart for the next rendezvous. The harbors were our landing fields, and the surface vessels were the fuel stations, storehouses for spare motors and parts, repair depots, and hotels. The writer neither ate in a restaurant nor slept in a hotel during the entire cruise. From the weather reports sent by army and navy radio stations, by the planes themselves, and by passenger ships at sea, an aerologist on the flagship was able to make a forecast each day. If conditions seemed favorable, the Admiral gave the word for the flight to proceed, first consideration being given to the safety of the crews rather than to the maintenance of the schedule. While in flight, the planes were in constant radio communication with the flagship, and their constantly changing positions were plotted on the chart by a member of the Admiral's staff.

No branch of the Army or Navy in modern times has rendered more valuable service to Alaska than its airmen. In 1926 Admiral Johnson, then Admiral Moffett's assistant, recommended that the Bureau of Aeronautics furnish planes and pilots for an aerial survey of Southeastern Alaska. Other mapping expeditions in later years explored and photographed from Navy planes thousands of square miles of uncharted land area, shores, harbors, and indentations in the coast line. During their recent flight to Alaska the Army bombers covered 10,000 square miles in their aerial survey. These photographic flights have expedited the work of the Geological Survey, the Forest Service, the Hydrographic Office at Washington, the Army and the Navy. They have made it possible to estimate the value and extent of the Government's timber resources and water-power sites, and to locate roads and trails.

Ask Captain J. H. Hoover, Admiral Johnson's Chief of Staff, what the recent Navy flight expected to accomplish, and he will say, with due care in selecting his words: "The Alaska operations were planned for the purpose of training the seaplane squadrons to operate from their tenders over a considerable period of time; to familiarize the pilots and navigators with the geography of the Alaskan coast; and to give the flying personnel an idea of what sort of weather they may expect during the late summer." Apparently that is the Navy's story—and they are going to stick to it. For we have diplomats in the Navy, as well as in the State Department.

The fact remains, however, that high naval officials have gone on record as favoring a naval base for seaplanes and submarines in the Aleutian Islands. The Governor of Alaska urged it in his last report to Washington. The American Legion,

Department of Alaska, "relying on the opinions of eminent naval authorities that the next great war will be fought in the Pacific," recorded its vote in favor of establishing an air and submarine base near Dutch Harbor as soon as practicable. Such a base, Alaskans point out, would be nearer Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands, than would a base on the Pacific Coast. Working northward from Pearl Harbor and southward from Dutch Harbor, scouting vessels, submarines and seaplanes could keep enemy ships from approaching the continental United States.

For years the annual naval maneuvers have struggled with the problem of how to keep any Asiatic power from approaching the Panama Canal or the Pacific Coast cities.

At Versailles in 1919, Japan was given a League of Nations mandate over the islands in the Pacific which she had taken from Germany in the early months of the World War. This gave Japan virtual control of most of the North Pacific. The Japanese have announced their withdrawal from the League, but they still hold the islands, which form a series of potential bases for war vessels and seaplanes.

By the terms of the London Naval Treaty, Japan must not establish such bases for war purposes. Harbors are therefore being improved, and docks and warehouses constructed for "commercial purposes." A flying field is being built upon the nearest suitable island to our own Guam so that "atmospheric conditions" may be studied and radio communications facilitated. All these improvements would be extremely useful in time of war.

Already Japan possesses a greater number of naval airplanes than the United States. She has a larger number of fortified naval bases in the Western Pacific; and an equal number of aircraft carriers in commission. She is the only world power with a first-class army as well as navy. The news that she is adding to her already large number of naval aircraft; that when the Naval Treaty comes up for revision next year she will demand a navy stronger than the 5-5-3 ratio, in comparison with the British and United States fleets; the serious friction that has developed between Japan and the Soviet government over the ownership of the Chinese Eastern Railway of Manchuria, partly owned by Russia; the armed siege of Shanghai, principal seaport of China, a few years ago by Japanese army and navy forces; her military activities in Manchuria; Japan's refusal to sign a non-aggression treaty with Russia—all these, taken in conjunction with Japan's announcement that she will withdraw from the League of Nations, have caused deep uneasiness, not only among officials of our own State Department, but throughout the world.

Australia and New Zealand are affected by Japan's aggressive naval policy, and anything that affects her Dominions affects Great Britain. In fact, British interests and investments in the Far East are even

more extensive and important than those of the United States. If—or when—we give up the Philippines, and Japan should invade them on some pretext or other such as she used in the Manchurian affair, Great Britain would not sit idly by; she has too many interests in the Pacific, and there are too many parts of the British Empire bordering upon it. She would have, as the only alternative to a war with Japan, an alliance with that country—and Canada, Australia, and New Zealand would not permit that.

It may be that peace or war in the Pacific depends in considerable degree upon how long Japan's military and naval leaders are able to retain their power. It may be that they embarked on warlike and imperialistic policies in Shanghai and Manchuria to draw the attention of the average citizen of Japan away from a serious internal situation. It has been done before in the Flowery Kingdom.

Japan's system of government is autocratic, in that the people have no real voice except in home affairs. There is, it is true, an Upper and a Lower House, corresponding in many respects to our own Senate and House, but these are little more than debating societies; if the opinions of the members clash with those of the government, they are ignored. The army has a power which a democratic form of government would not tolerate. For example, the minister of war is not a civilian, responsible to the President; he is an army general, intent upon building his war machine to gigantic proportions.

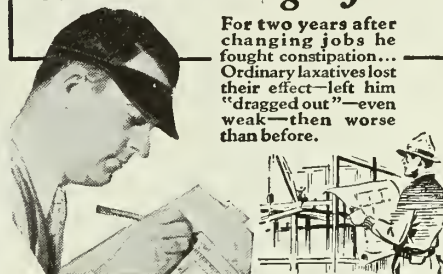
In Japan, the army is responsible neither to the people nor to the cabinet, but to the Emperor. Naval officers also exercise great influence in the national councils and in the shaping of national policies. In short, the army and navy constitute a military clique that controls Japan. Witness the invasion of Manchuria; the administration in Tokyo did not know what the army was doing in Manchuria, or where the invasion would end. And, while the people of Japan knew little of what was taking place on the mainland, they supported the invasion in every possible way, once it was begun. They were led to believe that the very existence of Japan was at stake.

Japan did not hesitate in 1894, when the entire country was seething with unrest, to plunge the empire into a war with China. In other words, the Elder Statesmen came to the rescue by creating a diversion abroad. The widespread discontent caused by the imposition of heavy taxes, chiefly for the expansion of the army and navy, vanished in a wave of religious patriotism. The same course was adopted in the bombardment of Shanghai; in the invasion of Manchuria.

Students of foreign affairs agree that the sphere of political and commercial conflict is passing from the Western world to the Pacific and the Far East. This may account, in part, for Washington's recent "discovery" of Alaska, the stepping-stone to Asia.

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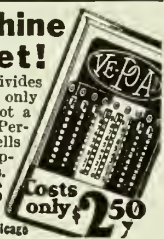
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Numerous Legionnaire References

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Legions Against War

(Continued from page 4)

their lives in the World War—May their heroic sacrifice ensure lasting peace among the nations—Dedicated at the Canadian Legion Convention June 13, 1934.

With representatives of the British Crown and the Lieutenant Governor of Canada, prominent Canadian Legionnaires and American Legionnaires, Oregon's Governor Julius L. Meier, and distinguished citizens and clergymen taking part, a group of ten American Legion drum corps buglers playing taps and a lone Canadian bugler playing the last post, the unveiling and dedicatory services were exceedingly impressive to the many thousands who attended.

Official cognizance of the movement to bring about closer unity among the English-speaking races and further the interests of peace was given by The American Legion with State Commander Harold Warner representing National Commander Edward A. Hayes, and Alex Barry, Past State Commander, actively assisting Lieutenant General Sir Percy Lake, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., grand president of the Canadian Legion British Empire Service League; Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, J. W. Fordham-Johnson and other dignitaries, in the services. At the conclusion of the dedication the ex-service women paid their respects to their own war dead with Miss Beatrice McNair, past president of the Overseas Nursing Sisters Association (British-Canadian order of war nurses) placing a sheaf of red roses at the foot of the monument and Miss Elsie Arnott, commander, American Legion Nurses, Oregon Department, laying alongside of it a wreath of flowers of blue and gold—the American Legion colors.

The idea of constructing a permanent monument in connection with the first visit of the Canadian Legion to this country was originally suggested by Charles W. Oaten, commander of Portland Post U. S. No. 17, Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League. He had attended the unveiling ceremonies of the original British cenotaph in London and had since cherished a vision of the erection of a joint memorial by the Canadians and Americans to initiate a movement to encourage the aspirations of mankind for lasting peace among all nations. It was built through the efforts of the Canadian Legion convention committee headed by James W. Flood, an active member of Portland Post No. 1, The American Legion, and a citizens' committee headed by John A. Laing.

As for the convention itself—well, well, they came 5300 strong bringing with them their snappy bands, their bagpipers clad in colorful plaid kilts, a squadron of those world famous scarlet coated and broad-brimmed-hatted Royal Canadian

Mounted Police with their prancing steeds, and a score of distinguished Canadian officials and private citizens.

From the mist-swept coast of British Columbia, the waving grain provinces and the industrial centers, they came representing that famed Princess Pat regiment and a dozen others which had left their dead in the mud at Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Cambrai and elsewhere on the fields of Flanders. Those who had seen service on the mystery ships, on the transports and fighting ships in the North Sea and the Mediterranean, those who had entered Jerusalem with General Allenby, a score who had gone over with the first Canadian contingent—all representative of those valiant Canadians who went to the defense of their mother country at the first call—trekked across the border to receive the welcoming hand-clasp of American Legionnaires, war nurses and Portland citizens generally. Delegates were on hand from most of the posts of the Western Command of the Canadian Legion, including those from the northwestern States as well, with visitors registered from practically all the Provinces of the Dominion.

With the convention being held at the same time as Portland's Rose Festival the city was filled with visitors from many States and with the Canadians participating in the many activities and parades, the largest of which was witnessed by more than 240,000 spectators who lined the streets for 57 blocks, the idea of friendship and the thought which actuated the ex-service men and women in coming across the Canadian border to hold a convention on United States soil was indelibly impressed upon the thousands who spontaneously applauded and cheered the marching men and women and their various floats and emblematic entries.

While members of the American Legion posts in Portland and nearby towns, including those in the State of Washington, officially and unofficially took part in the various activities, the American Legion Nurses, acting as official hostesses to the Canadian War Nurses, entertained their Canadian sisters while members of the various auxiliary organizations acted as hostesses to members of the Canadian Legion's auxiliary.

From the time the convention opened unofficially on Sunday, June 10th, with open air vesper services, participated in by prominent clergymen many of whom had seen service with the American and Canadian forces, and representative bodies of all denominations of the ministry of Canada and the United States, until it closed officially June 14th, its basic keynote was a plea for peace and good will among nations. This message was given not only to the citizens of Portland and

its thousands of visitors but to the entire nation, Canada, England and most of the world, as the opening of the convention was broadcast nationally, then picked up in Canada and by short wave transmitted to England, where it was re-broadcast to English listeners.

Distinguished Canadian speakers stressed the fact that the people of the United States and Canada had lived border to border in harmony and good will for more than a century on either side of a division line of more than 3,000 miles with no fortresses for defense and no armed men on guard and this in itself should be an example and an inspiration to other nations.

Brigadier General Alex Ross, dominant commander of the Canadian Legion, in one of the principal addresses, given

to representative Portland citizens, declared that the people of Canada living alongside of the great English-speaking nation that is the United States, and related in a commonwealth status to the great mother country of the English were in a position to act as intermediaries to promote the peaceful world leadership of the English-speaking races.

"War is not altogether a matter of armament and standing armies," said General Ross. "It is a matter of heart and mind. When suspicion and distrust and greed have been eliminated from human relationships, real progress towards permanent peace between nations has been achieved. The Canadian Legion has for its purpose not only the reverencing of the dead past but to build for the happiness and security of the future."

The Home That Found Itself

(Continued from page 23)

Commander of the G. A. R., ordered a committee of the Ohio General Assembly to visit the home at Xenia. As a result of that visit, the Legislature passed an Act under which the State assumed the cost of maintenance. The act provided that control of the Home should continue to be vested in a board of trustees composed of veterans. A woman might be appointed to the board if she were the wife, sister or daughter of a veteran. Mrs. Hayes, wife of the Governor, exercised as a member of the board the same sympathy and ability which she was later to show as mistress of the White House.

SIXTY-FIVE years have passed since the first building of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home with its tower and gables was erected on the hillside overlooking the town of Xenia. The country has passed through two more wars since then, and the maples and elms and oaks which were set out as saplings along the winding drives of the Home grounds have grown to spreading trees. The last son or daughter of a Civil War veteran to graduate from the home has long since gone into the world of everyday affairs.

On the whole, the Home at Xenia has performed well its duty to the State, to society and to the orphaned children of Ohio war veterans. Judged by the standards which prevailed when it was created, by the standards which ruled for several scores of years thereafter, it served always with high honor.

But the State and society grow careless. The children of Civil War veterans were cared for adequately, in relation to their times. So were, for the most part, the children of Spanish-American War veterans. But as the memory of those earlier wars faded, as people generally began to forget original strong concepts of obligation and duty, the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home became a forgotten institu-

tion. By the time it was beginning to receive children of World War veterans, everything in the United States had changed, but the Home still remained as it had been. Society and industry, all the everyday affairs of life had grown immensely complicated.

Through sheer inertia and public indifference, the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home had become obsolete and antiquated. Furthermore, it was in the grip of the dead hand of the past, and for a time it seemed that nothing could shake that grip.

Now can be told the story how that Home at Xenia was changed from an out-of-date institution into a Home which can serve as a model for the rest of the country. Now can be told the story of the remarkable transformation which has been effected at Xenia since The American Legion began in 1927 to exercise its rightful voice in the Home's affairs.

Two leaders of the Ohio Department of The American Legion, working quietly, with no thought of reward or even public approval, had the leading roles in this educational achievement. Seven hundred children in the Home today owe to them their chance for richer citizenship.

As this is written, the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home is showing the earliest remarkable effects of American Legion thoughtfulness, planning and guidance. The new order of affairs, remember, dates back only six or seven years. The boys and girls who have been graduated in the intervening years have been helped by the new order, but the real beneficiaries of the new order are the children who are now of kindergarten age, who will be privileged to receive from now on through all their years to the age of 18 the benefits which the Legion is now guaranteeing to them.

It has been said and often repeated that a great (Continued on page 60)

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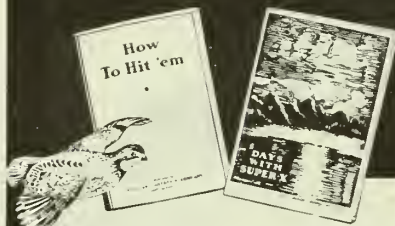


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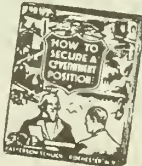
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The Home That Found Itself

(Continued from page 59)

institution is but the prolongation of the shadow of an individual. It should be said here and now that the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home as it now exists, a model for the country as it stands, a tremendous inspiration for the future, represents seven years or more of work by Herbert R. Mooney, the President of its Board of Trustees, and Milt D. Campbell, Secretary of the Board. Mr. Mooney is a Past Commander of the Ohio Department of The American Legion. Mr. Campbell was formerly a National Vice Commander and is now Chairman of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee.

Ten years ago the Ohio Department first became aware that the Home at Xenia had fallen sadly behind in the march of educational progress. Its buildings, erected after the Civil War for the most part and improved or added to in later years under inadequate appropriations, were not worthy of the State—had become unsuitable in many respects for the use being made of them. Teaching methods and courses of instruction, both in the elementary and high school grades and in the vocational training branches, belonged to a period which had long since been left behind in modern institutions elsewhere.

Provisions for the health of children, for the cultivation of character and personality, were likewise deficient. It was discovered that the administrative branch of the institution and its corps of instructors, through lack of knowledge of modern practice, were incapable of devising and putting into effect the changes necessary if the Home were to take its place as an efficient institution by today's standards.

A series of unfortunate developments in the Home began making newspaper headlines in this period. It became more apparent in each new month that the conditions at the Home were drifting into chaos. New officials were obtained, but defects were too widespread to permit correction overnight, and the people of the State began to manifest impatience as crisis succeeded crisis.

It is to the everlasting credit of the Forty and Eight in Ohio that it took in 1924 the first effective action to correct things. It acted after Dr. Edward Smith of Amlee Voiture of Columbus, investigating the medical needs of the home, found that the Home's hospital was antiquated and medical needs in general were great and urgent. The Ohio Grand Voiture of the Forty and Eight appointed a special committee to investigate further the needs of the Home. Mr. Campbell, leather goods manufacturer of Cincinnati, was made chairman of the committee.

Mr. Campbell's committee, after an investigation lasting six months, prepared a series of twenty-four pertinent questions which it presented to the chairman of the Board of Trustees. Those questions were

not answered adequately in the opinion of the committee. It submitted a complete report covering its findings to the Grand Voiture meeting held during the annual convention of the Department at Elyria. This report included twenty-six recommendations for changes in the Home. It also requested the Governor of Ohio to appoint a survey committee to make plans for the future physical, mental and moral betterment of the home.

Governor Vic Donahey appointed the survey committee in 1927, and he sent a special message to the General Assembly asking that body to appropriate money for needed changes at the Home. Mr. Campbell was made a member of the survey committee. So was Herbert R. Mooney of Woodsfield, then Department Commander of The American Legion. The Committee was charged specifically with the duty of preparing a five-year building plan for the institution.

The survey committee began to get results. New buildings were erected, but it became apparent that the Board of Trustees as it was then constituted could not adapt itself to the program being prepared. A new hospital with 100 beds was built in 1928. It was then and it is now as modern and complete as any hospital of its kind in the country. Modern toilet facilities were installed in place of old and worn-out ones that were in the cottages. Dangerous winding stairways—terrible fire hazards—were removed from all the cottages and fireproof stairways were built. New lighting fixtures were provided, and in general the cottages were rejuvenated as far as it is possible to rejuvenate old buildings. There were built also two new and very modern cottages, one known as Roosevelt Hall, for the boys of the graduating class, the other dedicated to the memory of Lucy Webb Hayes, for the older girls. In the two following years, there was built a new trade school building, completely equipped for the teaching of vocational courses for boys.

New buildings were not enough. The spirit of the school was still derived from old patterns. Boys and girls, even brothers and sisters, were not permitted to have social life together. Their clothes were of old pattern and of uniform nature. Meals were far from good. The schools had deteriorated. The improvement program had to go on.

As the fundamental requirement of further changes, the Legion demanded at its next department convention the resignation of the entire Board of Trustees. It was a bold step, but the reasons the Legion presented convinced public opinion and the Governor. The resignations were given. The Governor then re-appointed two of the old members who had supported the Legion's program. Expressing his own confidence in the Legion's pro-

gram, the Governor appointed Past Department Commander Mooney as President of the Board and Mr. Campbell as Secretary.

The newly-constituted board went to work. After testing several new superintendents, it gave this important position to Harold L. Hays, a young veteran of the World War who had graduated from Ohio State University in 1923. Legionnaire Hays, a captain in the 147th Regiment of the Ohio National Guard, demonstrated an understanding of the Home's many needs and he has continuously held the confidence of the board while many additional changes were being made.

A chief matron was obtained, her appointment predicated upon her special education and training. The assistance of the United States Children's Bureau, the Child Welfare League of America and the National Child Welfare Division of The American Legion was obtained in the solution of many of the Home's problems.

Typical of the manner in which these many problems were handled was the procedure in erecting a new nursery and home for the smaller children. Today, contrasting strongly with the cottages erected just after the Civil War, the Peter Pan Cottages, finished in 1933, have the appearance of a group of homes of Cape Cod Colonial architecture in an American suburban town. While the cottages are connected, they appear to be six separate cottages and there is a separate unit of administration. The cottages provide facilities for the housing and training of children between the ages of admission, four years, and school age.

Each unit is designed for a family of eighteen under the care of the house mother. The cottage mother's living quarters are so located that she is in touch with her family at all times of the day or night.

To make this building all that it should be, the board and the architect visited progressive homes of this type in the United States and scanned plans and specifications of similar buildings erected in Europe. Miss Helen G. Lindsay, head supervisor, and the other supervisors of the Peter Pan Cottages have succeeded in doing just what it was hoped these cottages would make possible. The little boys and girls living in them are leading happy, natural lives, developing the habits which through life will be priceless to them. You feel, seeing them at rest, at study or play, that if The American Legion had done nothing else in the Home, what it has done here has justified all its effort.

You have that same feeling, too, when you see the Home's new dining room. While the Peter Pan Cottages were being planned, the floor of the Home's old dining room building sagged and threatened to collapse. Luckily, this happened at night. The accident lent emphasis to the Legion's repeated warnings concerning the dangerous condition of the Home's older structures. Nevertheless, when The American

Legion urged in the Legislature the necessity for an immediate appropriation for the building of a new dining room it encountered opposition. Economy was in the air.

At this juncture, the Legion organized a "Home Lobby." Each Legion post and Auxiliary unit got in touch at his home with the Representative from its county and the Senator from its district, presenting the reasons for the Legion's request for the new appropriation and urging quick action. The Legislature did not delay. It provided the money for the new dining room and the Peter Pan Cottages as well.

You ought to see that dining room today. Gone are the days of the long tables and the "no talking" rule. Now the boys and girls of assorted ages sit in family-like groups at little tables, each presided over by a cottage mother or older student. Brothers sit at tables with their sisters. The children talk with one another and a lively hum of conversation fills the room. There is no depressing uniformity of clothing, nothing else to suggest repression and regimentation. No exaggerated introspection. Instead, good manners and self assurance, cheerfulness and confidence in today and tomorrow.

These are the impressions you get, incidentally, wherever you see these boys and girls, in their classes, on the playground, in the gymnasium—even in the dentist's office or the hospital ward.

Always you feel that the new way of doing things has only started to produce its great results and that the plans which are just beginning in every department of the institution will carry the Home to fine achievements unthought of today.

You find Dr. T. F. Humphrey, resident physician and veteran of the Navy, contemplating with satisfaction the advances already made but eager to enlarge still further the provisions for keeping his boys and girls mentally as well as physically fit. They study pupils as individuals, incidentally, in Dr. Humphrey's department, and there have been amazing personal transformations of scarred victims of early environment under the magic of modern psychiatry. That is an exploratory field, and the future promises great accomplishments.

This habit of looking toward tomorrow extends to every department. For example, when the Board of Trustees decided in 1932 that a survey of the Home's schools should be made, the survey widened into an expert examination of every resource and every facility. As a monument to this spirit there now exists a 178-page book entitled "Survey of The Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home," published by the Bureau of Educational Research of Ohio State University. It is far from dull reading.

The director of the survey was Dr. T. C. Holy. He was assisted by a large staff of associates and consultants. The report of the survey is convincing evidence of the soundness of the (Continued on page 62)

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT August 31, 1934

Assets

Cash.....	\$36,013.98	
Notes and accounts receivable.....	26,250.73	
Inventory, Emblem merchandise.....	27,780.32	
Invested funds.....	700,406.30	
Permanent investments:		
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$557,522.34	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	177,387.17	734,909.51
Improved real estate, office bldg. Wash. D. C.....		130,746.50
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	36,336.99	
Deferred charges.....	19,250.10	
		\$1,711,664.43

Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$165,072.73	
Funds restricted as to use.....	13,953.17	
Irrevocable trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	177,387.17	
Reserve for investment valuation.....	97,562.39	
		\$453,975.46
Net Worth:		
Restricted capital.....	\$700,405.30	
Unrestricted capital:		
Capital surplus.....	\$147,323.72	
Investment valuation surplus.....	\$409,959.95	\$557,283.67
		\$1,257,688.97
		\$1,711,664.43

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

The Home That Found Itself

(Continued from page 61)

principles and program which have guided the Home since the Legion began to exert its influence.

With the assistance of more than a score of educational authorities, enlisted in a consulting staff, every branch of the Home was studied thoroughly. The survey report placed ninety-five recommendations before the Board of Trustees and the Board adopted ninety-one of them. On the pattern thus laid out, the Home is being remade for its greater future.

When the Ohio Department held its 1934 convention at Sandusky in mid-August, it turned an approving eye toward the Home and adopted resolutions requesting the General Assembly to provide additional new buildings to replace some of the ones

of Civil War architecture, which still survive. It declared its belief that safety and sanitation demand new construction.

This winter scores of Ohio Auxiliary units will be sending to Xenia stores of jelly and canned goods, and there will be presents all round at Christmas time at the Home from the Legion posts of Ohio.

There are many years ahead. You will want to know five years from now, and ten years from now, what has been done at Xenia after the beginnings here described. A State has embarked upon a worthwhile experiment in better citizenship as a part of its performance of duty, and you as a Legionnaire are wishing it every success. So, as time speeds, stop now and then to observe what is happening at Xenia.

Sportsmen All

(Continued from page 33)

but in the larger cities they are still doing good deeds for the sick and wounded veteran and his family.

Take for example Florence Nightingale Post of Toledo, Ohio. From Legionnaire Laura Perego Keeler comes a letter telling about the "Loan Closet" established by this post, a store of wheel chairs, crutches, sick room supplies of many descriptions, from which stricken service men may borrow equipment. When the borrowers return the wheel chairs, the crutches and other articles, these indispensable aids are lent again to other sufferers.

Shortly after the post began its loan work, its single wheel chair was borrowed by a Legionnaire with a fractured vertebra. When appeals for mobile chairs were received from three other stricken service men, the post issued an appeal which brought in from attics other chairs which could be loaned. The appeal also brought donations of many other sick room articles. All of the equipment not in use is stored in the home of Miriam C. Joyce, Post Adjutant.

By the Legion, For the Town

THE American Legion Auxiliary unit in Jackson, Mississippi, and Walsenburg Post of The American Legion in Huerfano County, Colorado, figured importantly in two of the four projects which won awards in the *Ladies' Home Journal's* 1933 civic achievement competition, and ten percent of all the entries in the competition were submitted by Legion posts or Auxiliary units. In announcing the awards in October, the *Ladies' Home Journal* stated that The American Legion and its Auxiliary stood third in both number and percentage of entries. In first place, with 13 percent, was the National Congress of

Parents and Teachers. Second was the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Forty-three States and the District of Columbia were represented.

The principal award of \$1,000 was won by the Council of Social Agencies of Richmond, Virginia, in recognition of its establishment of a Citizens' Service Exchange, in which thousands of unemployed were provided with the necessities of life in payment for their labor. This was to have been the only award, but three additional awards of \$100 each were announced; including the Legion project in Colorado and the Auxiliary project in Mississippi.

The American Legion Auxiliary in Jackson, Mississippi, co-operated with the Community Welfare Association of its city in establishing a free hospital, in which in four months care was provided for 91 bed patients and 160 clinical patients.

In Huerfano County, Colorado, in an employment project initiated by the Parent-Teacher Association, the Legion post in Walsenburg assumed entire responsibility for the building of a baseball park.

Edward A. Hayes, National Commander of The American Legion, was one of the judges. Associated with him were Mrs. Geline MacDonald Bowman, President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, President of the General Federation of women's clubs, Mrs. Hugh Bradford, former President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and John A. Lang, President of the National Student Federation.

Roll Call

CLAUDE M. BRISTOL, who wrote "Legions Against War," is a member of Portland (Oregon) Post . . . Admiral W.

H. Standley, author of "The Navy and Our National Defense," is a member of Augustus P. Gardner Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Frederick Palmer is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, and Burt M. McConnell is Adjutant of that post . . . Willard Cooper is a member of General Charles Devens Post of Worcester, Massachusetts. . . Philip Von Blon belongs to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . Ralph A. L. Bogan is a member of

Cobb-Williams Post of Hibbing, Minnesota. Harvey Dunn, who made the cover painting for this issue, is a member of DeWitt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey . . . Among other artists contributing to the issue, V. E. Pyles and William Heaslip belong to 107th Infantry Post of New York City; Lowell L. Balcom is a member of Augustus Matthias Post of Norwalk, Connecticut, and Abian A. Wallgren belongs to Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PHILIP VON BLON

Ringling Down the Curtain

(Continued from page 36)

A, B and C, arrived in Alma in October, 1918. On this cold morning of arrival we were dumped out of the train coaches into what looked to me like a prairie—no quarters or shelter in sight. Our company, under command of Captain T. A. Kinder, proceeded to construct this shack for our comfort—latrines were built, trenches for fire to heat water for bathing and washing clothes were dug and other conveniences provided.

"When we reached Camp Holabird, we built another shack more pretentious than the one pictured. It had running water, sewerage, electric lights and heat. The equipment such as lumber, nails, roofing paper, piping, faucets, wire, sockets, light globes and hammers were 'borrowed'—the word so popular in the Army. The building of the shack at Holabird was quite a stunt. We violated about all the Army regulations in doing it and it was only through the foresight and efforts of our captain that we were able to get by with it."

NATIONAL convention reunions of 1934 will be history when this is read and we are unable to report where the 1935 national convention will be held. It is fairly safe to suggest that it will be in some centrally-located city of these United States and that many outfit organizations will follow the Legion for their next year reunions. No doubt some of the early birds will have announcements in this column in the December issue.

But there are still plenty of reunions scheduled for the remainder of this year. Here are the ones reported to us, and detailed information regarding them and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

4TH DIV.—Armistice reunion dinner, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Sat., Nov. 10. Drake De Kay, secy., N. Y. Chapter, 1271 Broadway, New York City.

4TH DIV.—Veterans in California can obtain sample copy of *Ivy Leaf Bulletin* and Verdun medal application blank by sending name, outfit and company, with stamped envelope, to Lewie W. Smith, pres., Calif. Chap., 4517 Marmion Way, Los Angeles.

6TH DIV. ASSOC.—Los Angeles Sector No. 1 will hold quarterly meeting in Rosalyn Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 10. R. E. Moran, secy., 5941 Monte Vista, Los Angeles.

33D DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and convention, Peoria, Ill., Dec. 1 and 2. William E. Keith, secy., 209 N. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Membership entitles holder to all privileges in clubhouse at 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Send name and address for free copy of association paper, *The Liberty Light*. Jack Simonson, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

90TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion at Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 10, 11 and 12. Registration; dance and entertainment on 10th; memorial services and business session, Sun., Nov. 11th. Armistice parade and barbecue, Nov. 12th. E. C. Hands, Box 1257, Fort Worth.

359TH INF., CO. C CLUB, 90TH DIV.—Meets second Friday night of each month at Armory, 209 Page st., Fort Worth, Tex. Sponsoring, jointly with 359th Amb. Co., 90th Div. reunion, Nov. 10-12. E. C. Hands, treas., Co. C Club, 359th Inf., 209 Page st., Fort Worth.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send names, addresses, news of comrades, to Secy. Albert G. Ross, 624 Market st., San Francisco.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

47TH INF., 4TH DIV.—Men who failed to receive copy of history for which they paid, may have it by writing to J. E. Pollard, 2000 Devon rd., Columbus, Ohio.

52D INF. ASSOC.—Now being organized. Proposed reunion. Paul J. Osman, Westboro, Mass.

356TH INF., 89TH DIV.—15th annual reunion in Kansas City, Mo., Sat. evening, Nov. 10. Inghram D. Hook, pres., Federal Reserve Bank bldg., Kansas City.

330TH INF., CO. H, 83D DIV.—Annual reunion, Athens, Ohio, Sat., Nov. 10. H. H. Sands, adjt., Logan, Ohio.

80TH F. A., 7TH DIV.—Proposed reunion and banquet in conjunction with New York Legion Dept. 1935 convention at Rochester, N. Y. Dates to be announced. Louis Palladino, 128 Wentz Terrace, Syracuse, N. Y.

136TH F. A., BTRY. E, 37TH DIV.—14th annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 10. Harry C. Romer, 917 State av., Cincinnati.

306TH M. G. BN., 77TH DIV.—To bring roster up to date all veterans who are not members of the association or of the 306th M. G. Bn. Post, A. L., write to J. P. Mauning, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

312TH M. G. BN., 79TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Harry Webb, 9577-114th st., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

312TH M. G. BN., CO. C—Third annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 17. Wm. H. Fox, 176 Uhlend Terrace, N. E., Washington.

52D PIONEER INF.—Reunion at Algonquin Chop House, 40 East 19th st., New York City, Sat., Nov. 10. Informal get-together at 3 p. m., beef steak dinner at 7:30 p. m. Reservations must be made through N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

SAMUR ARTILLERY SCHOOL, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion of men who attended L'Ecole d'Artillerie Americaine during war. John S. Boyd, 1520 Widener bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

372D AERO SQDRN. A. E. F. VETS.—Fifth annual reunion in San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 3. All members report to Harry Duddy, 1261 Broderick st., San Francisco, requesting reservation if possible to attend.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC. (CENTRAL STATES)—For information and membership, write to Bonny H. Benson, secy., 518 N. Cuyler av., Oak Park, Ill.

37TH REGT. ENGRS.—The Pittsburgh, Pa., Chapter will hold annual banquet in Fort Pitt Hotel, Sat., Nov. 10. C. W. Reynolds, secy., 1108 Tennessee av., South Hills P. O., Pittsburgh.

107TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 10. Joe A. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 W. 41st st., Milwaukee.

308TH FIELD HOSP., 77TH DIV.—Letter reunion. All veterans are requested to write to former Capt. R. Emerson Buckley, 404 Hazleton Natl. Bank bldg., Hazleton, Pa., so he may combine letters and furnish each man who writes to him with a copy.

U. S. S. Rochester—Annual reunion of crew at Mayflower Hotel (formerly Bergonian), 4th and Olive, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 3, 6 P. M. John Ross, secy., 328 N. 74th st., Seattle.

U. S. S. Solace—Annual reunion of shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 3. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hosp., Philadelphia.

USAAC Assoc.—Annual (Continued on page 64)

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Ringing Down the Curtain

(Continued from page 63)



LEGION CAPS for Armistice Day

Post caps are now available in two grades—A and B. Detailed specifications are set forth below. There is still time to get your cap for the Armistice Day parade. Play safe—order yours today!

PRICES

Grade A—Style 1 lettering	: : \$2.25
Grade A—Style 2 lettering	. . 2.50
Grade B—Style 1 lettering	. . 1.95
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Specifications—Grade A

Material—14-oz. American Legion blue uniform cloth.

Embroidery—All embroidery, including the emblem, which is reproduced in colors, is in pure silk.

Trimmings—Genuine gold silk piping. Tan satin lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

Lettering—Two types of lettering available. Style 1 provides for the Post numerals only on the right hand side and state name in full only on the left, directly beneath the emblem. No deviations or additions. Style 2 provides for the Post numerals only on the right hand side, and the town name in full with state name abbreviated on the left. Additional or special forms of inscriptions extra. Prices upon application.

Delivery—Caps are not carried in stock, but made only to special order. Two weeks required for delivery.

Specifications—Grade B

Same as for Grade A, excepting made without lining, and with less expensive sweat band.

NOTE: Serge caps to match state uniforms available at no extra charge. Be sure to specify material name, and weight.

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Enclosed is remittance for \$..... in payment for one Post cap, size....., Grade....., with Style..... lettering as follows:

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11-34

Armistice pilgrimage Nov. 3-4, at Allentown, Pa., of all veterans who served at Camp Crane. Memorial services at camp ground monument, Sun., Nov. 4. Edson Holstou, chmn., 1442 Chew st., Allentown.

LAST MAN CLUBS—All presidents and secretaries of Legion Last Man Clubs are requested to send names and addresses to P. T. Haas, 1629 Spring st., Ft. Wayne, Ind., for purpose of formulating plans for a 1935 national reunion.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

PRISONER OF WAR ESCORT CO.
201—1st Sgt. Orville H. Holt, Sgts. Walter D. Parsons and Claire F. Cramer, Cpls. Victor Carlson, Oliver W. Anderson, Lindsey O. Blackmon, Bryan Byars and others to assist Chesteen Floyd BETHARDS.

61st ART. C. A. C., BTRY. C—Rene CLOQUET (St. Louis), Andrew F. DOWLING (Wise.), Wm. M. HASKINS (Ga.), Valentine KOERNER (Ill.), Wm. NESSOLA (Minn.), Hubert REAGAN, John SHIELDS, Max SIEGEL and others who recall dental treatment received by George A. CARNEY during service.

2d CO., MED. CORPS, Ft. Thomas, Ky.—Former comrades who recall illness of Joe CERR during service.

CRISP, James Calvin, former major, 7th M. G. Bn., 3d Div. Disappeared Apr. 28, 1934, while suffering from nervous breakdown.

CLERMONT-EN-ARROUËNE, FRANCE—Men who were with group of two hundred soldiers detained in Clermont without a commander, several days without food, can assist Martin R. STAFF. Men were from Camp Jackson, S. C.

88TH DIV., CO. F, 352d (?) INF.—Men who recall Joseph V. DONAHUE falling into drainage ditch while leaving camp for rifle range, summer, 1918.

12TH INF., HQ. CO., 32d DIV.—William HIGBERGER of Co. A or F, and others who recall injury sustained by Edmond ELLER.

153d INF., CO. L, 39TH DIV.—1st Lt. James R. MURRAY who recalls being ill at same time Cook T. C. HAFFORD was ill with ptomaine poisoning in stone-barn mess hall at Massay, France, Aug.-Sept., 1918. Also Cook Penrose WILLIAMS who recalls Mess Sgt. HAFFORD, 1st Dep. Repl. Div., being sick with flu and rheumatism at St. Florent, France, Dec., 1918, to Feb., 1919.

U. S. S. Pennsylvania—Shipmates, including Sam M. SMITH, Roy CADE and William BUTT, of 10th Div., who recall Bounty B. HAM, fireman 1cl, being caught in hatch door and having to report to sick bay during 1918 and 1919.

102d ART. CO. C, 26TH DIV.—Comrades who recall Sgt. A. E. KEENEY suffering with feet and legs Sept. 26, 1918; also being gassed Nov. 9, 1918.

MCDONALD, James Edward, British veteran, sailed for U. S., May 23, 1922, and communicated with family for a year. Missing since May 14, 1923; last known address 177 Frederick av., Atlantic City, N. J. Wife endeavoring to establish widow's pension.

MCLARY, R. B., veteran who served with M. T. C. 327, Base Spare Parts 1-2-3, Verneuil. Missing for three years. 5 ft. 10½ in., 150 lbs., gray eyes, iron gray hair, fair complexion, 48 yrs. old, slightly hard of hearing, wears glasses occasionally.

U. S. Eastport, 1918-19; Baker 1cl. McCUMBER, Fireman STICKNEY, John HORSHMAN, J. W. FITZPATRICK and BENSON brothers (twins); U. S. Texas, 1920; Baker 1cl. Henry ECKS, Harry C. SAUSSON and Baker 2d cl. Walter THURSTON; U. S. S. Idaho, 1921; Comm. Clerk Lloyd THOMPSON, James PRINCE and others who recall James L. (Pop) OWEN, S. C. 1cl, suffering disabilities.

VET. UNIT NO. 29, INF. BRIGADE.—William M. ARNOLD and others who recall horse falling with Hughie M. RENNEN, Jan., 1919.

117TH AMMUN. TRN., 42d DIV.—Sgt. BUNTIE (Kans.)

Joe WIND (Trenton, N. J.), PATTON (Mo.), and Cecil V. TALLEY (Kansas City) to assist William J. SELKEN.

326TH M. G. Bn.—Sgt. David N. GOLDSMITH, Pvt. Eric R. TEGEL and others who recall Pvt. Nickles VAN DYKE as patient in Cherbourg, France, emergency hospital, Oct., 1918, with heart and lung condition; also Pvt. Eric R. TEGEL, Cpl. Charles O. STUBBS, Dr. John L. REDMOND and others of 132d M. G. Bn., who recall VAN DYKE being disabled Nov., 1918, and sick in bed with same condition.

12TH F. A., HQ. CO., 2d DIV.—Former officers and men who recall Sgt. Edward VAN MARTER being carried in unconscious condition from Farm La Loge (Chateau-Thierry sector) June, 1918, and sent to Base Hosp. 6, Bordeaux; also when he collapsed in dugout during advance at Mount Blanc (Champagne sector), Oct., 1918; also illness at Schloss Arenfels, Hannigen, Germany, Jan., 1919, and removed to hospital at Coblenz for treatment.

U. S. S. Susquehanna—Lt. Comdr. William L. MARTIN, William P. MULL and Clifford E. KELLY, Lt. Carl J. BUCHER and others who recall physical condition of Edward L. TAIT during 1918-19.

CASUAL CO. A, TANK CORPS—James H. WELCH, Guy BARDWELL, Oscar SAKOLS and others who recall condition of Frederick A. WELTMAN, June, 1918 to July, 1919.

302d BN., TANK CORPS, also Co. B, 328TH BN., LIGHT TANK CORPS—Cook J. W. KANE, David NELSON, Marshall CHOPSON, L. H. FLECK, Wm. J. CLOYLE, Lester L. SHIELDS, Philip A. FORTIN, Wm. S. BONES, also doctors, nurses, officers and men who

recall severe pleurisy suffered by Laurence Hunter FLOYD (now deceased) on board S. S. Oriana, en route to A. E. F., Sept.-Oct., 1918; also treatment in infirmary at Langres, Nov. 6, 1918; also ptomaine poisoning suffered by FLOYD on S. S. Patricia, Mar., 1919, en route home. To assist widow with claim.

10TH CO., C. A. C.—Comrades at Ft. Barry, Calif., Apr., 1918, who recall back injury to John J. Casey in fall while being tossed in blanket.

3d TRENCH MORTAR BN., BTRY. C—Capt. HOGUE, Sgt. PEASE, Sgt. Frank KICKBAS and others who recall sore eyes suffered by Leroy ("Shorty") URQUHART during flu epidemic in Mataigne (?), France.

139TH INF., CO. D, 35TH DIV.—Comrades who recall William F. SHAFER being knocked unconscious by shell burst Sept. 29, 1918, and same day being gassed. Sent to various hospitals, finally to Base Hosp. No. 20, Chatel Guyon.

CO. K, 9TH BN., REFL. TR. CENTER, CAMP PIKE, ARK.—Capt. Herbert A. DALY, 1st Sgt., Sgt. Edward M. C. KENZIE (or McKENZIE?), Cpl. Charlie W. SMITH and others who recall Thomas B. CLARK being excused from drill, after return from base hospital, Nov. 20, 1918, to Jan. 4, 1919, and acting as orderly for capt. and carrying mail.

8TH U. S. INF., CO. K, FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.—Capt. B. H. HURLESS, Pike A. HARPER (Okla.), Elmer J. TOSON (Ill.), Michael J. MEHEAN (St. Louis) and others who recall Harvey W. SMITH suffering from broken arches, rheumatism and cellulitis in May and June, 1923. SMITH claims arches broke while with Co. L, 3d Ky. Inf., at Camp Stanley, Lexington, Ky., in fall of 1917.

111TH INF., CO. L, 28TH DIV.—Lt. Harry L. KIMMELL, George YATES and others who recall back injury suffered by William H. STEWART when he slipped and fell while helping unload car of beef while in France.

138TH INF., CO. K, 35TH DIV.—Officers and men who recall Peter H. HOMALA, pvt., suffering from after-effects of mumps and being returned to hospital. Also stomach disorder after Argonne offensive. Also two men of Co. I who carried his pack and gun to Co. K kitchen when he was disabled with rheumatism.

PATEN, Carl C., enlisted as second class fireman, Navy, Mar. 15, 1918, after being given order No. 4466, serial No. 7064 by Local Board for Butte, Montana, where he registered June 15, 1917. Born July 30, 1889, at Cadillac, Mich., occupation, teamster. Daughter, who was four years old in 1917, has not heard from him since then.

311TH FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN.—Cpl. Charles WASDIN and Sgt. John J. BLOOM who recall Philip ROSENBERG having been kicked by horse while they were feeding and watering horses, at Remount Depot, Mont Carbon Blanc, France, Oct., 1918. WASDIN and BLOOM helped ROSENBERG to first aid station.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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